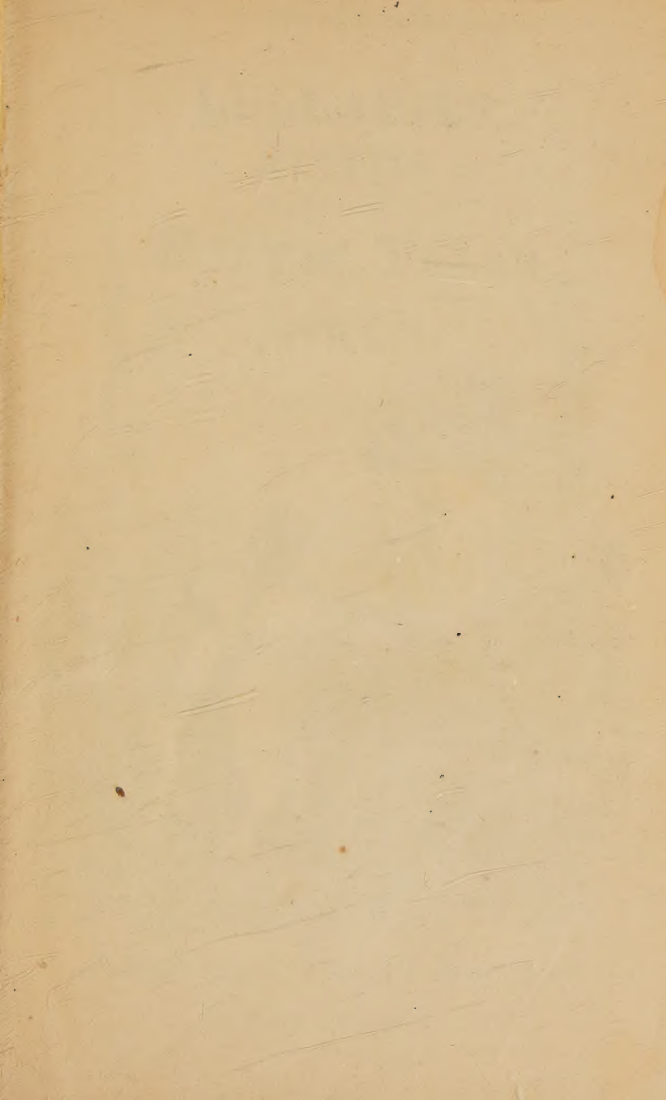
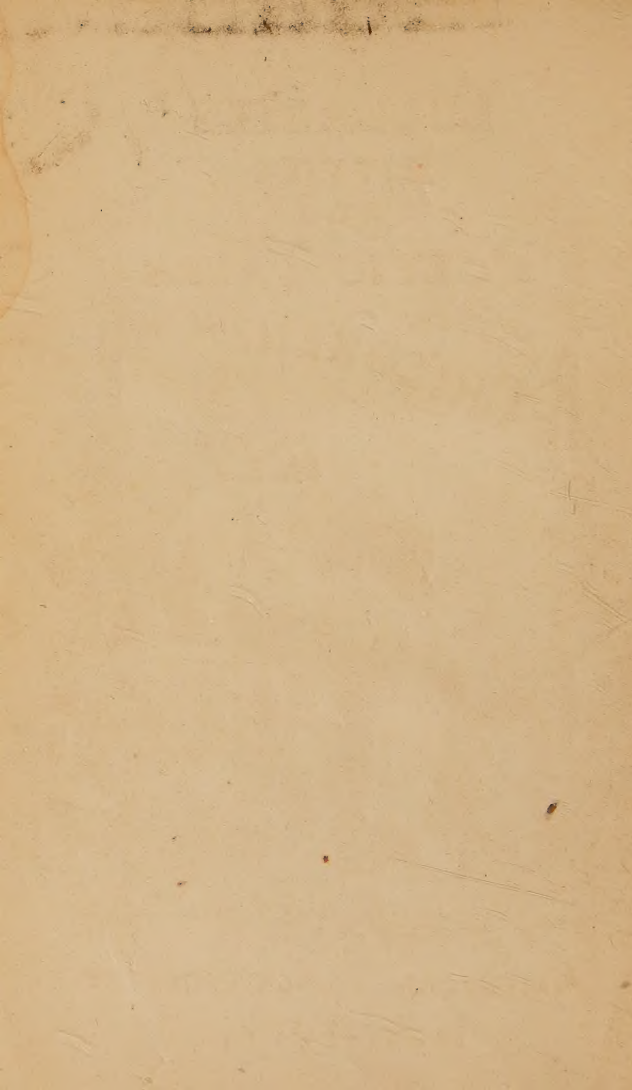


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LULLABIES
DITTIES
and
POETIC TALES
for
CHILDREN.



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Gift

LULLABIES AND DITTIES.



LULLABY.

LULLABY, my darling,
In your mother's lap;
Shut your eyes, my baby,
And take a pleasant nap.

Now go in the cradle,
And quiet be your sleep;
May no dream disturb you,
To make my baby weep.

Peaceful be your slumbers,
Free from care and pain;
And when your nap is over,
Come to my arms again.

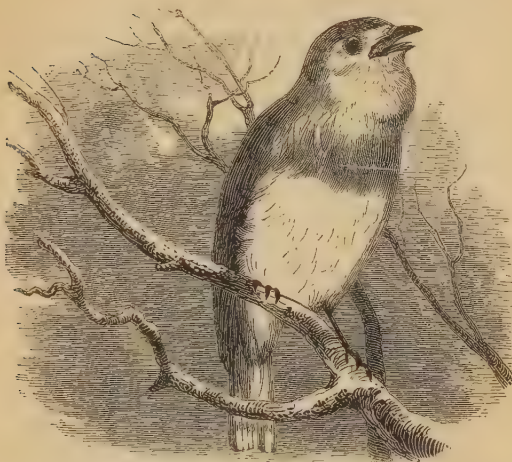
And when you have grown older,
And play about the floor,
You'll wait upon your mother,
And make her love you more.



MORNING WISHES.

ANOTHER new morning's begun,
And I will begin with it too
To be better than ever before;
And all I am bid, I will do;

That when the sweet evening comes
I may not have reason to weep
That the day was so wickedly spent
That I cannot take comfort in sleep.



ROBIN REDBREAST.

COME, robin, so merry,
With breast like a cherry,
For now 't is the blossoming spring;
Stretch open your throat,
Pour forth a glad note,
And spread out your beautiful wing.

Now the morning is clear,
Skim through the fresh air,
Your breakfast is ready in store;

Come, cheerily sing,
And your crumbs we will bring,
And scatter them all round the door.

Now 'light on the ground,
And hop all around,
And peck till you've eaten your fill;
Then think of the nest
Where your little ones rest,
And carry some home in your bill.

THE SHOWER,

Oh, look at the shower, how softly it falls,
How it washes the leaves and refreshes the
air;
And now the clouds part, the beautiful sun
Shines out on the flowers so pleasant and
fair.

When I have been wicked, and think of my
fault,
And my tears fall like showers for what I
have done;
If my Father in heaven will pardon my sin,
Then I will rejoice like the flowers in the
sun.



THE LITTLE LAMBS.

COME, listen, my babe,
And a story I'll tell,
How two little lambs loved each other;
They would gambol and play,
Through the long summer's day,
And at night lay them down with their mother.

When the morning appeared,
They would start from their sleep,
With their coats and their faces so clean;
O'er the hills they would skip,
And the tender grass nip,
Which was spread all around them so green.

When one went to frolic
Beside the clear stream,
The other would frolic there too;
But wrangling and fighting,
And snarling and biting,
Were actions they never would do.

And if Tommy and Mary,
Like these pretty lambs,
Live together in kindness and love,
They will go, should they die,
Beyond the blue sky,
And dwell with sweet children above.



THE FLY.

Do not hurt the fly, my baby,
Let it live, and let it play;
See how merrily it flutters
In the cheerful light of day.

Would you tear that wing so tender,
Would you hurt those limbs so small?
Let it go and join the frolic
With its playmates on the wall.

Who would be so cruel-hearted
As to wound a little fly?
Who would stop its harmless sporting,
Crush its form, and bid it die?

Every bird and beast and insect,
Of each various size and hue,
Has a right to its existence,
Little babe, as well as you.

Nothing in the wide creation
Sure was ever made in vain;
Take not then the life, my darling,
Which you cannot give again.



SUNSET.

THE sun has just finished his race,
The race of a long summer's day;
And wherever his journey has been,
Did good every inch of the way.

Oh then, let me ask of myself,
If I have improved every hour,
And like the far-travelling sun,
Done every good thing in my power.

THE SICK CHILD.

LISTEN, baby, while I tell
How sick you were the other day ;
You would scarcely eat or sleep,
You could neither laugh nor play.

Your mother took you in her arms,
And held you to her breast of grief ;
But her sorrows and her tears
Could not give her child relief.

She carried you from room to room,
Trying thus to soothe your pain ;
But though weary with fatigue,
All her efforts were in vain.

Oh, 't was pitiful to see
Such a little baby weep,
And when it felt a minute's ease,
Hear it sob itself to sleep.

No one could relieve you, dear,
Till your heavenly Father smiled ;
Then your sickness fled away—
God restored our darling child.

Love this tender Parent then,
Love and serve him all your days ;
And with beauteous babes in heaven
You shall sing his endless praise.

THE WIND.

BABY, dost thou hear the wind
Blowing through the branches wild ?
Do not tremble, helpless one,
Sure it will not harm my child.

Lay thy little precious head
Close beneath thy mother's arm ;
I will watch thy slumbers, love,
I will guard thee safe from harm.

I will guard thee, did I say ?
Let me then that word recall.
God will guard us both, my child ;
He alone protects us all.

Lay thee, lay thee gently down,
Close thine eyes to sleep, my dear ;
Safe beneath a Father's wing,
You and I have naught to fear.



MORNING.

SEE, the morning lights the skies ;
Open, babe, your little eyes ;
The trees begin to blossom fair,
And cast their odors through the air.

Every pleasant zephyr brings
Health and sweetness on its wings ;
The plants within the garden beds
Begin to lift their pretty heads ;

The merry birds extend their throats,
And pour abroad their joyful notes ;
The hen, with all her little brood,
Comes clucking round the door for food.

Around the yard the pigeons fly ;
The stately geese, with heads so high,
Are marching off to take a swim
On the bosom of the stream.

The fields are smiling all around ;
You cannot hear one ugly sound—
Nothing sour, and nothing sad—
All seem beautiful and glad.

How delightful all we see !
If to creatures such as we
So much loveliness is given,
Oh how charming must be heaven !



WINTER.

HEAR the stormy wind,
How severe it blows ;
See the darkened air,
Full of feathered snows.

Bitter, bitter cold
Is the winter day ;
How the boys and girls
Shiver as they play.

Come, my children, come,
Gather round the fire ;
Peter, bring some wood—
Let us pile it higher.

If you play around
Till your hands are cold,
Be not sour and cross,
Do not fret and scold.

Many children now
Have no garments warm,
And no pleasant home
To guard them from the storm.

They deserve as much,
Little ones, as you ;
Learn to pity them,
And be thankful too.

Early learn to make
Others' wants your care,
And what is given you,
With the poor to share.

Do not spend your cents
To purchase idle toys ;
But save them all, to clothe
Freezing girls and boys.

THE MOTHER-BIRD.

HARK, babe, and I'll sing you a song,
How a little bird flew from her nest,
To gather some food for her young,
While they were enjoying their rest.

She skimmed o'er the meadows and fields,
Then stopp'd on the newly plough'd ground,
To see if a delicate bit
For her dear little ones might be found.

At length a sweet morsel she spied,
And caught it up gladly in haste,
And away she flew back to the tree,
Not indulging herself with a taste.

Each robin pricked up its young head,
And begged with its wide-open bill ;
So backwards and forwards she went,
Till each little bird had its fill.

Just so does a good mother feel,
Just so her affection she proves ;
She will go without comforts herself,
For the sake of the children she loves.

Then obey your dear mother, my child,
In all she commands you to do ;
And thank your kind Father in heaven,
Who gave such a mother to you.



GOING TO SCHOOL.

I MUST go to school to-day ;
And if I should chance to meet
Idle children in the street,
I will neither stop nor play.

If I study all the while,
I shall get my lesson well ;
Then I will go home and tell
Dear mamma, and make her smile.



LYING.

ONCE I did a naughty thing,
And laid the blame upon another;
But Oh, how dreadfully I felt,
And how it grieved my tender mother.

Lying is an awful sin,
No good being can abide it ;
If I should do wrong again,
I'll not tell a lie to hide it.



MORNING.

SEE, my dear, the cheerful sun
Has smiled another night away,
And opened on your little eyes
The beauties of another day.

God, who made that glorious sun
To run his wondrous course on high,
And set the countless host of stars
To glitter in the midnight sky,

He has guarded your repose
Safe from peril and alarm,
With a Father's watchful eye,
With a sovereign's mighty arm.

Sing to Him your morning song
Of humble love, of thankful praise,
And let your little heart resolve
To serve him all your future days.



TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

EVERY night I mean to think
What I've done through all the day,
Be sorry for whate'er was wrong,
And turn from every wicked way.

Every morning, if I live,
A better life I will begin,
And to my kind Redeemer pray
That he will keep my soul from sin.

THE DISCONTENTED CHILD.

WHY are you uneasy, dear?
How you frown, and how you fret :
Nothing can amuse you long ;
Sure my child is in a pet.

Are you thirsty? I will bring
A cup of milk so warm and sweet.
Are you hungry? you shall have
A piece of sweetest bread to eat.

Many a little child, my dear,
Full as good and young as you,
Has to live on coarser bread,
And lie on harder pillows too.

Oh how good is God to you !
Cease to fret, and cease to mourn ;
Be content and thankful, dear ;
Love him dearly in return.



WHAT I LOVE.

I LOVE to see a little child
Seek employment every day,
Cheerfully perform his task,
Glad to work as well as play.

Idle children waste their life,
Spend their precious time in vain ;
And the hours that once are gone
Never will return again.

A WALK IN THE ORCHARD.

COME with me, my precious darling,
Let us taste the cooling breeze ;
We will take a noonday ramble
Underneath the apple-trees.

Let me tie your summer bonnet
Close around your face, my dove,
Lest the sun should raise a blister
On that little face of love.

How delightful is this orchard !
Pleasant every step we tread.
See how thick the fruit is hanging
From the boughs above your head.

Let me pare and core this apple ;
Take it—do not let it fall :
'Tis so sweet and ripe and mellow,
You may safely eat it all.

Who made all this fruit so plenty?
Who made every tree that grows?
God alone—when he commanded,
Every beauteous plant arose.

Oh how many thousand blessings
Has our Maker strewed around;
In each lovely leaf in nature
Is his power and goodness found.

Every morning, every evening
Let our joyful thanks arise,
Till we join the songs of angels
In the clear and shining skies.



SABBATH MORN.

THIS day the blessed Jesus rose,
And left the gloomy grave;
For Oh, he died a bitter death,
Our wicked world to save.

And I will go with thankful heart
To seek his house of prayer,
And listen to his gracious words,
And bless and praise him there.

A HAPPY WEEK.

How pleasant is Saturday night,
When I've tried all the week to be good,
And not spoke a word that was bad,
And obliged every one that I could.



And to-morrow the sweet Sabbath comes,
Which our merciful Father has given
That we may have rest from our work,
And prepare for his beautiful heaven.

PITY, NOT SCORN.

WHEN I see a poor man in the street,
With his garments all ragged and torn,
And hear wicked boys call him names,
And pull him and treat him with scorn,
If my father was ragged and poor,
And by such cruel children abused,
I think how distressed I should feel
To see him so shamefully used.

EVENING THANKS.

THE beautiful sun has forsaken the earth,
And finished another new day,
The birds are done singing, the hens are
asleep,
And the little boy's tired of his play.
But before he lies down on his bed for the
night,
He should thank his dear Father above,
For guarding his life, and preserving his
health,
And for all the kind gifts of His love.



LIVING TO DO RIGHT.

I LOVE to do as I am bid,
I love to please mamma ;
I love to get my lesson too,
And spell to my papa.

When children want my pretty toys,
Or little picture-book,
I dearly love to give them up
And see how pleased they look.



“LOVE THE GIVER.”

ONCE I heard a little boy
Begging for a piece of bread,
When every day and every year
I am plentifully fed.

Heavenly Father, what am I,
That thou art so kind to me?
Make me doubly thankful, Lord,
And always dutiful to thee.

A KIND TONGUE.

I'M sorry every time I think
How cross I was the other day;
“I will, I wont,” with angry tones,
Little boys should never say.

I'll use such naughty words no more,
But try to keep it on my mind
That my tongue was made to speak
Gentle language, true and kind.



BREAKFAST FOR THE CHICKENS.

WAKE up, little Mary, the birds are awake,
And the hen has come out with her brood;
She is clucking and picking all over the yard,
For her chickens are crying for food.

A plentiful breakfast for us is prepared,
But we'll not a bit of it taste
Till we carry these poor little creatures some
crumbs;
To give them a morning repast.

WHO WILL NOT SING?

LET us go and pick some roses
From the pretty garden-bush:
Hark! dear sister, stop and listen
To the swallow and the thrush.

Let us join their songs, Amelia;
Let us bless the King of heaven,
Who to every little creature
Has so many comforts given.



CLOTHES TO SPARE.

COLD the wind is blowing,
And the trees are bare;
See, how fast 't is snowing!
Freezing is the air.

Have I no clothes, dear mother,
That you can send away
To warm some child or other
On this bitter day?



HAND IN HAND.

WHAT a pretty sight to see
A little brother every day,
As he travels to the school,
Lead his sister in the way.

Travel on, my little dears,
Lovingly your hours employ;
Lead each other in that way
Which conducts to endless joy.



PLAYING TRUANT.

How can little boys from their schools run
away,
And lose all their lessons, and waste all the
day?

To the hours of my school I had rather be
true,
And play when there's nothing but playing
to do.

Besides, if I should be so wicked and mean,
And mother should say, "Charley, where have
you been?"
How shamed I should feel, and how foolish,
to say,
"I left my school, mother, and ran off to
play."

NOW IS MY TIME.

How pleasant it is, when I go to my school,
To see the dear children all seated around;
Let idle boys race in the streets if they will,
But with good little scholars I choose to be
found.

I'll work and I'll study to find out the way
To do all the good that I possibly can;
For if I learn nothing when I am a boy,
What good can I do when I grow to a
man?



POOR BROTHER.

DOES your head ache, little brother?
Are you sick, and are you weak?
Are you sad, and tired of playing?
Does it hurt you when you speak?

I can't cure you, darling brother,
Cannot ease a single pain;
I'll go ask our heavenly Father,
He can make you well again.



A FLY, OR A CHILD ?

AMELIA, let us go and play
On the bank, this pleasant day;
See the insects, how they glide
Smoothly down the shining tide.

I don't wish I was a fly,
To sail along so merrily;
I'd rather be a child, and rise
Above those clear and beauteous skies.

A HAPPY WAKING.

GOOD-MORNING, dear ma, through all the cold
night

How sweetly I've slept, and how still and
warm;

My heavenly Father watched over your child,
And guarded me safe from each danger
and harm.

What precious new blessings each moment
he gives;

I will love him and thank him and bless
him each day;

I will beg him to make me his own little
child,

And all his commands I will gladly obey.

SPRING PLEASURES.

THE winter is past, and the sweet, merry
spring

Comes laughing along, and the little birds
sing;

The snow is all melted, and green is the
ground,

And over the hills see the pretty lambs
bound.

Come, Harry and George, let us have a good
time
O'er the meadows and fields in the day's
lovely prime;
And then to our school we'll be skipping
away,
And there learn to study as fast as we play.

ADORATION.

How kind is the Being who made this sweet
earth,
To rejoice every heart and delight every
eye;
And when he commands the bright sun to
depart,
With beauty and glory he fills the dark
sky.

My Father, I'll praise thee; I never can
count
The millions of blessings thy mercy has
given;
And though I've offended my dearest, best
Friend,
He's willing to pardon and take me to
heaven.



TOMMY TRUE.

HARRY, come here, my darling child,
Come sit by me, and hear me tell
Of little Tommy 'True, the boy
Whom everybody loves so well.

Before the morning sun appears,
Young Tommy is in haste to rise,
And never fails to lift his thoughts
To Him who reigns above the skies.

Then, full of gratitude and love,
With prostrate heart he humbly bends,
To seek and bless, to thank and praise
His greatest, dearest, best of friends.

And to this one almighty Friend
Joyful he gives himself away,
And begs him to protect his child
Through all the dangers of the day.

And when he comes among his friends,
With love and joy he meets them all;
And not one cross or snappish word
Is suffered from his lips to fall.

And when his breakfast is prepared,
Whatever it may chance to be,
He never thinks of finding fault,
But smiles, and eats it thankfully.

Then straight he takes his little cap,
And off to school he jogs away;
And let him meet with whom he will,
He seldom stops to chat or play.

“This is my time to learn,” says he;

“I never shall be young but once;
And if I throw this time away,
I must grow up a silly dunce.”

School orders he obeys with care;
He keeps his books and copies neat;
And be his lessons e’er so hard,
He minds to get them all complete.

And when the hours of school are o’er,
And he has leave to go and play,
He lays his satchel up at home,
And cheerily he springs away.

But if he hears a wicked word,
He will not stay a minute there;
“I’ll keep at home alone,” he says,
“Before I’ll play with boys who swear.”

If either of his parents speak,
He hastes that moment to obey;
And never gives them cause to chide
His inattention or delay.

And let him speak of what he will,
All that he says you may believe,
For he is never known to lie
Or cheat, or flatter or deceive.

But such a mild and gentle boy,
So meek, so truthful, and so kind,
So good and generous to all,
And humble too, you seldom find.

And now if you could see my heart,
You'd read this tender wish for you:
Oh, may my dearest Harry be
Just such a boy as Tommy True.

MORNING.

AWAKE, little boy, for the glorious sun
Has driven the shadows of darkness away:
Arise, little boy, see the beautiful trees,
All powdered with blossoms so fresh and so
gay.

And now, little boy, will you learn a short
song
Of praise to the Being whose goodness and
power
Has made every thing that your eyes can be-
hold,
From the sun in the sky, to the sweet little
flower?



PLAY PLEASANTLY.

How bright is the morning, how fair is the day,
Come on, little Charlie, come with me and play :

And yonder is Willie, I'll give him a call;
Do you take the bat, and I'll carry the ball.

But we'll make it a rule to be friendly and
clever,

Even if we are beat, we'll be pleasant as
ever;

'Tis foolish and wicked to quarrel in play,
So if I get angry, please send me away.



THE BIRTHDAY.

'Tis my birthday—from that very hour I was
born,

My God has preserved me till this pleasant
morn;

Yet my words have been wicked, my thoughts
very wild,

And I an ungrateful and murmuring child.

I'm determined this moment my ways to
amend,

And humbly return to my heavenly Friend;
Entreat Him to keep me the rest of my
days,

And guide every act of my life to his praise.



WHO MAKES IT SUMMER?

BEAUTEOUS is the summer,
Pleasant is the day;
Winter has departed
Very far away.

I bless the God whose mercies
All the winter crowned,
And whose gentle summer
Strews its blessings round.

PLEASURE SPOILED.

CHARLEY is highly pleased to-day;
I gave him leave to go and play
Upon the green at bat and ball;
And when he heard his playmates call,
Away he sprang across the plain,
To join the little merry train.

But here he comes ; why, what means this ?
I wonder what has gone amiss :
Why, Charles, why came you back so soon ?
I gave you leave to stay till noon.

“ I know it, pa, and I intended
To play till every game was ended ;
But, to say truth, I could not bear
To hear those little fellows swear.

“ Their curses came so fast and free,
That the cold chills ran over me ;

For I was seized with awful dread
That some of them would drop down dead;
And so I turned and came away,
For, pa, I was afraid to stay."



DISCONTENT.

FIND fault with the weather! why, what do
you mean?

Who orders the weather, my dear?
The clouds gather fast if our Maker but
speaks—
And soon as he bids, disappear.

He is wise, and knows when to send forth
the cold storm,
And when to call out the warm sun.
He is good, and whate'er he sees fit to com-
mand,
Is the very best thing to be done.



UNEASINESS.

WHAT'S the matter with you, Susan?
What can thus have made you cry?
Smooth your little forehead, sister,
Wipe the tear-drop from your eye.

You are neither sick nor hungry;
Tell me why you should be sad?
Let our little hearts be thankful,
And our little faces glad.



LIVE IN LOVE.

And can you, Ellen, be unkind
To one who loves you so?
Will you not try to please her now
In every thing you do?

For God, who knows what children think,
And all their actions tries,
Loves those that seek to do his will,
And takes them to the skies.



LAZY JANE.

Who was that, dear mamma, who ate
Her breakfast here this morn,
With tangled hair and ragged shoes,
And gown and apron torn?

“They call her *lazy Jane*, my dear;
She begs her bread all day;
And gets a lodging in a barn
At night, among the hay;

“For when she was a little girl,
She loved to play too well;
At school she would not mind her book,
Nor learn to read and spell.

“‘Dear Jane,’ her mother oft would say,
‘Pray learn to work and read;
Then you ’ll be able, when you ’re grown,
To earn your clothes and bread.’



“But lazy Jenny did not care;
She ’d neither knit nor sew;
To romp with naughty girls and boys,
Was all that she would do.

“So she grew up a very dunce;
And when her parents died,
She knew not how to teach a school,
Nor work, if she had tried.

“And now, an idle vagabond,
She strolls about the streets;
And not a friend can Jenny find,
In any one she meets.

“And now, my child, should you neglect
Your book or work again,
Or play, when you should be at school,
Remember lazy Jane.”



THE GOOD BOY.

SEE the little bees
Flying to the bower;
Here they hum, and there they hum,
And light upon a flower.

They suck the honey out,
And off they fly for home;
And then they go to work so fast
To fill the honey-comb.

See the little ants
Scattered o'er the plain;
How hard they work and tug and lift,
To carry home a grain.

And then with how much care
They lay it up in store,
And travel off in haste again
To find a little more.

See the pretty birds,
In glossy plumage dressed,
Picking straws and little sticks,
To build themselves a nest.

And then they place it safe
Along the boughs so high,
Where green leaves overshadowing it,
May keep the nestlings dry.

Shall I, a little boy,
Spend all my time in play,
When bees, and ants, and little birds,
Are working all the day?

No, no, I'll go to school;
And all the while I'm there,
I'll study hard, to pay my friends
For all their tender care.



And when I am at home
I'll be industrious too,
And not a single thing I'm bid
Will I refuse to do.



ELLEN.

WHAT, Ellen, disobey mamma!
You're very much to blame—
Your dear mamma, who loves you so;
Oh, sister, fie! for shame!

Why, once you were a tiny babe,
And lay upon her arm,
And carefully she guarded you
From every threatening harm.

She washed and dressed you every day,
To keep you sweet and clean;
And sung you many a baby song,
With many a kiss between.

And when you were fatigued with play,
She hushed you to her breast;
And softly rocked, and gently soothed,
Till you were lulled to rest.

If you were sick at any time,
Or if you cried with pain,
She kindly watched you night and day,
Till you were well again.

How patiently she led you round,
To teach you first to walk,
And spoke words o'er and o'er again,
To teach you how to talk.

She taught you little songs and hymns,
To make you kind and mild;
And how to pray that God would love
And bless his little child.



SINCERITY.

'Tis my duty to do all the good in my power,
And with kindness and love to fill every hour:

'Tis my duty, and therefore I must not com-
plain;

'Tis no more than my duty—I may not be
vain.

If I keep God's commands with a murmuring
heart,

'Tis plain that I do but obey them in part;
If I'm proud of my goodness, my actions
may be

To others of use, but no blessing to me.

SELFISHNESS.

Oh, fie on you, Tommy, to quarrel and strike,
For the sake of a marble, a top, or a ball.
Pray, do not be selfish, but gentle and kind;
If your sister desires them, do let her have
all.

If Amelia should wish for a toy that is mine,
And I should refuse it, how 'shamed I
should be;
I'd rather give up every plaything I own,
Than have my dear sister feel angry at me.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

ANOTHER pleasant week has passed away,
And thou, dear Lord, hast blessed me every
day.
For though but seldom I have thought of
thee,
Dear Father, thou hast not forgotten me.
How sweet have been my slumbers through
the night,
And sweet to me the pleasant morning light.
Kind Saviour, guide me all my future days,
And let my voice for ever sound thy praise.



THE TALL TREE.

How tall is the tree that grows up on the
hill!

How broad is its trunk, and its branches
how high!

When you sit in its shade, and look up to its
top,

Do you not almost think that it touches
the sky?

The same mighty King who made the tall
trees,
And the low little plants that peep out o'er
the land,
Made every bright angel and each little child,
And keeps them all safe in his wonderful
hand.

CONTENTMENT.

If I have but a thankful heart,
I do n't care what I eat;
The blessing of my gracious God
Makes every morsel sweet.

I'd rather have the coarsest food
With his dear love the crown,
Than all the dainties earth can give
Beneath my Father's frown.

THANKSGIVING-DAY.

THANKSGIVING! 'tis a welcome morn,
I love to see its smiling dawn.
How many meet, this joyful day,
With thankful hearts to praise and pray.

From many a table richly spread,
How many poor this day are fed;
Ten thousand blessings on the good
Who fill the hungry mouths with food.



THE SNOW-BIRD.

ONLY hear the little bird
Try to sing away his care;
Though it snows and though it blows,
See him mounting in the air.

Fly away, my pretty bird,
To your shelter quickly haste;
Hide your bill, and keep you still,
Till the driving storm is past.



INGRATITUDE.

MARY, what makes you fret and scold?
You certainly grow worse;
Pray, leave that naughty habit, dear;
'Tis wicked to be cross.

You have ten thousand blessings, child;
Then why do you complain?
Oh, think how kind your Maker is,
And never fret again.



PRIDE.

WHAT, proud of your bonnet, my sweet little girl,
That is trimmed with gay ribbon, green,
yellow, and red?

As well, my dear child, might the peacock be
vain

Of the feathery tuft that grows out of his
head.

But take my advice, and be humble and
good;

Think much of your duties, instead of your
dress;

And then, let your bonnet be ever so plain,
You 'll be happy, and no one will love you
the less.

GRATITUDE.

EVERY morning when I wake,
I'll praise my God who keeps my breath,
And kindly guards me when I sleep,
And saves me every night from death.

Each day I'll read his blessed word,
To learn what he would have me do,
And all his dear and kind commands
With thankful love I will pursue.



PEACE.

WHEN I hear children quarrel, and speak
wicked words,

And mock one another, and tell awful lies,
I wish I could fly from so frightful a place,
And find a sweet resting-place up in the skies.

I am thankful there is such a heavenly world,
Where quarrels nor fighting nor lying can
come;
And all the dear children on earth, if they
will,
May have that bright, beautiful world for
their home.

DEATH.

SARAH, do you hear that bell,
For a pretty babe that's dead?
In the cold and narrow grave
Must be laid its little head.

That's the end of all the world;
Every one on earth must die.
But the child who loves its God,
Lives again beyond the sky.

SABBATH.

'Tis Sabbath-day, a day of rest,
A day which my dear Lord has blessed;
I will not do a wicked thing,
But try to serve my heavenly King,

Jesus, my best, my only Friend,
On whom for ever I depend;
I'll love and praise him till I die,
And praise him then above the sky.



PLEASURE.

I LOVE to see the cows come home;
I love to see the hens at rest;
I love to see the sleepy birds
Seek their little peaceful nests.

I love to see a little group
Of children, at the close of day,
Eat their bread and milk in love,
And smile the pleasant hour away.

UNDUTIFULNESS.

THERE is a little girl I know,
Who dearly loves with me to play;
But when I go to visit her,
I always wish myself away.

I'll tell you what the reason is :
She's saucy to her good mamma,
And will not disoblige herself
To please her dear and kind papa.

CHARITY.

I BOUGHT four apples, only see!
My sister gave the cents to me.
This is for you, dear Emeline,
And this for George, and this is mine.

Whom shall I give this other to?
Oh, there is little Johnny Drew;
He has no cents, and so I'll run
And carry him the largest one.



LITTLE ELIZA.

My Amelia, did ever you notice the child
Who passes our window, as neat as a pin,
With a brown indispensable hung on her
arm,
And a pretty green bonnet tied under her
chin?

Her name is Eliza; she lives on the hill;
She's the best little creature that ever I
knew;
She constantly rises as soon as the sun,
And is always desirous of something to do.

There are three younger children, and one is
a babe ;

So every morning she makes it a rule
To take the sweet infant, and rock it to sleep,
While her mother is dressing the others for
school.

Besides, her old grandpapa lives in the house ;
And him the dear granddaughter never for-
gets,

But waits on him cheerfully every day,
And is never impatient, though sometimes
he frets.

For he 's feeble and lame · and the joys of his
youth,
And the friends he once valued, for ever are
gone ;

And seldom he speaks, and full often he weeps,
And many an hour he sits moping alone.

She pities his sufferings, and always is kind ;
With her little soft hands she will smooth
his gray hairs,

And with pleasant attentions and innocent
smiles

Endeavors to banish his griefs and his
cares.

With her playmates she ever is gentle and mild;

She tells no untruth, and speaks evil of none;

And if they should wish for a play she dislikes,

She agrees to their choice and will give up her own.

She's the joy of her friends, and wherever she goes

She is always received with a hearty good will;

And each mother wishes her daughter would be

Like little Eliza who lives on the hill.



THE GENEROUS BOY.

DEAR Charley, don't spend every cent

For fruit and sugar-plumbs and cake,

But save one half of all your cash

For little needy children's sake.

Do you not want to help them, Charles?

We both can do it, if we try;

Let us henceforth take half we get,

Most cheerfully, and lay it by.

CHILD'S PRAYER.

DEAR Jesus, help a little child
To kneel before thy feet,
And lift an eye of humble hope
Up to thy mercy-seat.

Bright angels bow before thy throne,
And sing thy wondrous power,
Rejoice in all thy glorious works,
And thy great name adore.

Yet does thy Majesty look down
On such a one as me,
And will not scorn the smallest child
That loves to worship thee.

But, Lord, I do n't deserve to see
Thy sweet and smiling face ;
With sorrow and with shame I own
I've sinned against thy grace.

Yet thou hast bid me in thy book
Return to thee again,
For thou didst die to save my soul
From everlasting pain.

Jesus, I come—I hear thy voice,
I give myself to thee ;
Make me to serve thee while I live,
And to eternity.

CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

AGAIN thy mercy, gracious God,
Has watched my slumbering hours,
And raised me from the death of sleep
To all my active powers.

With humble gratitude I kneel
Before thy gracious throne ;
Help me to give myself to thee,
And make me all thine own.

My soul and body, life and health,
All are thy gifts to me ;
Dear Father, from this blessed hour
I'll use them all for thee.

I'm in a wicked, dangerous world ;
Oh, let thy guardian care
Preserve my life from every ill,
My soul from every snare ;

That when the evening shades are spread,
I may not have to mourn
That I have lost another day,
That never will return.



THE LITTLE GIRL TO THE BUTTER-
FLY.

BUTTERFLY, of yellow wing,
That lov'st to flutter through the mead,
And perch on every pretty flower
That lifts its little fragrant head,

Thy life is merrier far than mine,
For thou hast neither grief nor fears ;
Thy time will last a few short weeks,
And mine perhaps as many years.

Yet still I envy not thy state,
Though thou art free from care and pain ;
For when thy little life is past,
Thou never wilt exist again.

That lightsome form, that airy wing
Of thine, is all there is of thee ;
A little gaudy butterfly
The most that thou wilt ever be.

But I shall live when thou art dead ;
And when this world has passed away,
I have a mind that will exist
A long, an everlasting day.

Oh, I will try to live so well,
That when that last long day shall come,
I may rejoice beyond the stars
To find my bright and happy home.

How my heart swells with grateful love
To Him who has created me
A human form, a living soul,
And not a butterfly like thee.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

How glorious is this evening sky,
All hung around with globes of light!
Like a vast curtain high outspread,
On the far verge of mortal sight.

And see the mild, majestic moon
Shedding her silver beams around,
While in her rays the stately trees
Spread their broad shadows o'er the ground.

What power upholds this wondrous frame,
This earth, and all these orbs of light?
Whose goodness made this lovely moon,
To cheer the darkness of the night?

'Tis the great God! His single word
Bade all this host of planets roll:
'Tis the same God who made my form,
And gave me an immortal soul.

Who would not shudder at the thought
That a vile mortal tongue should dare
To trifle with this mighty God,
And by His name profanely swear?

IS IT I?

Who is it that will live on high
In palaces above the sky?
Who is it will be safe from fear,
When sickness comes and death is near?
'Tis he who in his early youth
Will love the Lord, and speak the truth.

Who is it that will never rise
To happy worlds above the skies?
Who is it will be full of fear
When sickness comes, and death is near?
'Tis he who will not love the Lord,
And will not mind his holy word.

THE SEASONS.

How sweet is a morning in spring,
When the earth has been watered with
showers,
And the air all around is perfumed
With the fragrance of opening flowers.

How sweet is the merry lark's song,
Which he cheerily warbles on high,
As he mounts o'er the trees on the hill
And presses his wing on the sky.

How sweet are the bright summer months,
When the garden with herbage is filled;
And the fields are all covered with corn,
Which the ploughman so lately had tilled.

At noon, when the flocks and the herds,
All languid and panting with heat,
Creep under the wide-spreading boughs
To enjoy a cool mid-day retreat,

How sweet on a bank to recline,
In the shade of a green willow-tree,
And list to the musical stream,
As it ripples away to the sea.

When autumn has spread her rich store,
How sweet in the orchard to walk,
And catch the ripe fruit as it falls,
So mellow and plump, from the stalk.

When winter has stripped all the trees,
And fettered the rivulets' flow,
How sweetly He covers them all
With a garment of delicate snow.

When the winds to soft silence are hushed,
So gently descends the white shower,
That it bends not the tenderest vine
Which lifts its young arms to the bower.



At night, when the bright beaming stars
Shed their clustering glories around,
And the moon, as she sails o'er the earth,
Casts her silvery beams on the ground,
How pleasant to gaze on the sky,
To such a vast distance outspread,
And think that a million of worlds
In splendor roll over my head.

When I look on this beautiful earth—

When my eyes to the heavens I raise—
How can I forbear to exclaim

In the rapturous language of praise,

How mighty, how kind is our God,

How great are his goodness and power !
So delightful a dwelling to build
For creatures who love him no more.

Oh, Father of heaven and earth,

Let every fair object I see
Fill my bosom with wonder and love,
And bind my affections to thee.

From thy bountiful hand I received

Every member and power that is mine ;
Be my childhood, my youth, my old age,
And my life, to eternity, thine.



POETIC TALES.



SPRING.

Oh, 't is spring, 't is the beautiful spring,
And the trees are all blooming around,
And see how the tender young grass
Spreads over the face of the ground.

The birds are all building their nests,
And can scarce spare a moment to eat,
Yet they now and then stop on the spray,
And pour forth a carol most sweet.

The sheep are released from the fold
To nibble their delicate meal,
While the lambkins, as merry as May,
Are gambolling over the hill.

The oxen are loosed from the barn,
And patiently bend to the yoke,
While the stubble is burning in piles,
And beclouds all the fields with its smoke.

Every creature that lives is at work,
To provide for the season to come;
And he must be tilling the ground
Who would have loaded wagons go home.

Then I will be idle no more,
But study as hard as I can,
And a good stock of knowledge lay up
To use when I've grown to a man.

And as this is the spring of my life,
The seeds of all goodness I'll sow,
That as fast as my years shall increase,
In my heart every virtue my grow.

And to do all the good in my power,
Shall be every minute's employ;
And then when my summer is past,
I shall reap a rich harvest of joy.



DRESS.

AMELIA.

What makes you wear that cotton frock,
And such a plain morocco shoe?
And homespun stockings, cambric gloves,
And such a coarse straw bonnet too?

Look here ; my shoes are yellow kid,
And spangled too ; see how they shine ;
My stockings silk, my bonnet's trimmed—
And only see the straw—how fine !

My frock is muslin, worked complete ;
My gloves are of the finest kid ;
I've bracelets, and a breast-pin too—
They're very elegant indeed.

Why, I should fret myself to death
If I were dressed as mean as you ;
I always cry, and tease mamma
For every thing I see that's new.

Sometimes she scolds at me, and says
I have a monstrous share of pride ;
For let her buy me what she will,
I never can be satisfied.

And true enough ; for when I'm dressed
As much as ever I can be,
'T would spoil the whole if I beheld
Another better dressed than me.

Pray, don't it vex you now, to see
My clothes so rich, and yours so mean ?
If I were you, I'd cry for things
More fit and proper to be seen.

RACHEL. •

What! cry, and tease my dear mamma
For finery? that will not I.
I would not grieve her for the world,
And she would grieve to see me cry.

She gives me every thing she can,
And that is every thing I want;
And I should be a cruel child
To ask for more than she could grant.

Besides, from what you say yourself,
You're not content with what you have;
The more fine things your mother gives,
The more fine things you say you crave.

My frock is clean, my stockings white,
My bonnet's good enough for me;
My shoes are whole, and I am dressed
As well as I could wish to be.

We are not very rich, indeed,
But then we're very far from poor;
We have enough to eat and drink,
And what do people wish for more?

AMELIA.

But what if there should be a ball,
And you should have a chance to go,
And all the misses richly dressed ;
Would you appear among them so ?

RACHEL.

A ball ! I never went to one ;
We do not care for things like this.
And yet we have amusement too,
And I will tell you what it is.

I and my sisters take our turns
To help our mother through the day ;
The others spin till daylight down,
And then their wheels are put away,

For then our father comes from work ;
So after supper down we sit,
For that is what he loves to see,
And one will sew, another knit.

And then he'll read some wondrous thing,
How mighty nations rose and fell ;
And sometimes lay aside the book
And some amusing story tell.



How some would climb the highest hill,
And yet go muttering all the way;
And some would walk along the vale
As pleasant as a summer's day.

But this one thing I noticed still,
Those who were good came off the best;
And families who lived in love
For ever were the happiest.

“My children,” he would often say,
“You know I cannot give you wealth;
But you have treasures richer far,
And these are innocence and health.

“And while you live in peace and love,
Contented with the blessings given,
I trust you always will obtain
The favor of protecting heaven.

“My children, these are golden hours;
They leave behind no stinging smart;
And while I labor in the field
The thought of evening cheers my heart.

“No monarch’s happier than I;
I envy not the rich their joys,
When I can see this smiling group
Of dear obedient girls and boys.”

Now, Miss Amelia, should you think,
When I have pleasures such as these,
That I would cry for spangled shoes,
And my indulgent parents tease?

But see! while I stand talking here,
The sun has set, and evening's come;
So you may go and dance at balls,
And I'll enjoy my friends at home.



THE BLACKBERRY-GIRL.

WHY, Phœbe, are you come so soon?
Where are your berries, child?
You cannot, sure, have sold them all,
You had a basket piled.

No, mother; as I climbed the stile,
The nearest way to town,
My apron caught upon the stake,
And so I tumbled down.

I scratched my arm and tore my hair,
But still did not complain;
And had my blackberries been safe,
Should not have cared a grain.

But when I saw them on the ground
All scattered by my side,
I picked my empty basket up,
And down I sat and cried.

Just then a pretty little miss
Chanced to be walking by;
She stopped and looked so pitiful,
And begged me not to cry.

“Poor little girl! You fell,” said she,
“And must be sadly hurt.”
“Oh no,” I cried; “but see my fruit,
All mixed with sand and dirt.”

“Well, do not grieve for that,” she said;
“Go home and get some more.”
“Ah, no, for I have stripped the vines,
These were the last they bore.

“My father, miss, is very poor—
He works in yonder stall—
And has so many little ones,
He cannot clothe them all.

“I always longed to go to church,
But never could I go;
For when I asked him for a gown,
He always answered, ‘No :

“‘There’s not a father in the world
That loves his children more ;
I’d get you one with all my heart,
But, Phœbe, I am poor.’

“But when the blackberries were ripe,
He said to me one day,
‘Phœbe, if you will take the time
That’s given you for play,

“‘And gather blackberries enough,
And sell them in the town,
To buy your bonnet and your shoes,
I’ll try to get the gown.’

“Oh, miss, I fairly jumped for joy,
My spirits felt so light ;
And so when I had leave to play,
I picked with all my might.

“I sold enough to get my shoes
About a week ago ;
And these, if they had not been spilt,
Would buy a bonnet too.

“But now they’re gone, they all are gone,
And I can get no more ;
And, Sundays, I must stay at home,
Just as I did before.”

And, mother, then I cried again
As hard as I could cry ;
But looking up, I saw the tears
Were glistening in her eye.

She caught her bonnet from her head—
“Here, here,” she cried, “take this.”
“O no, indeed ; I fear your ma
Would be offended, miss.”

“My ma ! no, never. She delights
All sorrow to beguile ;
And ’t is the sweetest joy she feels
To make the wretched smile.

“So take it, for you need not fear
Offending her, you see ;
I have another too at home,
And one ’s enough for me,”

So then I took it—here it is—
For, pray, what could I do?
And, mother, I shall love that miss
As long as I love you.



THE BLACKBERRY-GIRL—CONTINUED.

“WHAT have you in that basket, child?”

“Blackberries, miss, all picked to-day;
They’re very large, and fully ripe;
Do look at them, and taste them, pray.”

“O yes, they’re very nice indeed,
Here’s sixpence, that will buy a few;
Not quite so much as I could wish;
However, I must make it do.”

“Nay, miss, but you must take the whole;”
“I can’t, indeed; my money’s spent;
I should be glad to buy them all,
But I have not another cent.”

“And if you had a thousand, miss,
I’d not accept of one from you;
Pray, take them, they are all your own,
And take the little basket too.

“Have you forgot the little girl
You gave last year a bonnet to?
You may indeed; but ever will
That little girl remember you.

“When I sat weeping on the ground,
As if my very heart would break,
Think you I have forgot so soon
The tear that wetted that dear cheek?

“No; for it dropped upon my heart;
Though I’m a poor and lowly child,
That temper I must always love,
So kind, compassionate, and mild.

“ And ever since I ’ve been to church,
For much do I delight to go;
And there I learnt that works of love
Were all that children had to do.

“ So then I thought within myself,
That pretty basket Billy wove
I ’ll fill with fruit for that dear miss,
For sure ’t will be a work of love.

“ And so this morning up I rose,
While yet the fields were wet with dew,
And picked the nicest I could find,
And bro’t them, fresh and sweet, for you.

“ I know the gift is small indeed
For such a lady to receive;
But still I hope you ’ll not refuse
All that poor Phoebe has to give.”



MORNING.

WELL, my dear, the cheerful sun
Shines upon the world again,
And the little drops of dew
Glitter on the grassy plain.

Who has guarded you, my son,
Through the dangers of the night?
Who has brought you safe again
To the pleasant morning light?

While you slept, no raging flame
Caught the house and seized your bed;
And no frightful robber's hand
Laid you with the murdered dead.

Soft and quiet was your rest,
Pain and sickness kept away,
And the peaceful hours rolled on
To another smiling day.

God protected you, my child;
Nothing could your life destroy,
For the Eye that never sleeps
Kindly watched my slumbering boy.

Go, and on the bended knee
Pour the humble, filial prayer;
Lift your little heart in praise,
Thank him for his guardian care.

And when death's dark night is past,
And the brighter morn shall rise,
Oh, may He receive you then
To his palace in the skies.



HOME BLESSINGS.

MRS. CHANDLER.

ALMIRA, go and get your work
And sit with me, my dear :
And, Emma, you may read to us ;
We will with pleasure hear.

Two little misses, so employed,
Are a delightful sight.
Then after tea the time's your own,
And you may play till night.

Emma, why do you look displeased?
Do n't you approve my plan?
Well, alter it yourself, my dear,
And mend it if you can.

EMMA.

I'm tired of sitting here so still,
Mamma, with only you;
I'm tired of home, I'm tired of work,
I'm tired of reading too.

And only just Almira here,
If I should want to play;
Had I my will, I'd go abroad
Most gladly every day.

MRS. CHANDLER.

Emma, do you know Peggy Hill,
That modest little child
Who sometimes comes on errands here?
She lives with Mrs. Wild.

She came the other day, when you
Were sitting here with me :
Almira sewed ; you had a book,
And read most prettily.

She tried to do her errand twice ;
But when she strove to speak,
I saw her turn aside and pass
Her hand across her cheek.

I thought it strange, and led her out.
“What ails you, child?” said I ;
“Pray, have you hurt yourself ; or what
Can thus have made you cry ?”

“No, ma’am,” said she, “I am not hurt—
I am to blame, I fear ;
But such a tender sight as this
Will always force a tear.

“For *I* had precious parents once,
Affectionate and kind ;
But they are gone, for ever gone,
And left their babes behind.

“I had a little sister too ;
And many a pleasant day
We with our mother worked and read
The cheerful hours away.

“But when we lost our parents, ma’am,
Our living too was fled,
And we were placed in strangers’ hands
To earn our daily bread.

“My sister did not long support
The hardships of her fate ;
She left this miserable world
And sought a happier state.

“Since that, I’ve borne my heavy lot
Alone without relief ;
I have no friend to pity me
Or listen to my grief.

“My mistress lives in wealth and ease,
From want and sorrow free ;
She never knew what labor was,
And cannot feel for me.

“I work from morn till night, and try
To please her all the while,
And think sometimes I’d give the world
To have one pleasant smile.

“But every day I give offence,
In spite of all my care ;
And angry words and cruel blows
It is my lot to bear.

“ Ah, little, madam, do the rich,
Who claim our constant aid,
Think of the sufferings that attend
A little servant-maid.

“ When I am sick, I creep away,
And seek my lonely bed ;
But no kind sister follows me
To hold my aching head ;

“ No tender mother’s soothing voice
Lulls my poor heart to sleep ;
But on my dear lost home I think,
And lie alone and weep.”

And then a gushing flood of tears
Streamed down her pallid cheek ;
Silent she bent her trembling knee,
But had not power to speak.

Poor little friendless one ! thought I ;
The blessings you lament
My children have, and yet they live
In fretful discontent.

EMMA.

Give me the book ; I love to read,
I love Almira too ;
And every day I’ll read and work
With her, mamma, and you.



WHO IS HAPPIEST ?

MELINDA.

I WISH I had a coach, mamma ;
Oh, how I should delight to ride
Whene'er I pleased, like Jenny Wright,
And have a servant at my side.

The other day, as Ann and I
Were walking down the meadow lane,
Along whirled Mr. Wright's new coach,
With—whom, forsooth, but little Jane.

The man drove slow, that she might view
The pleasant prospect all around;
How proud she felt that she could ride,
While we were walking on the ground.

A sweetbriar bush peeped through the hedge,
And so we climbed the hedge with care,
And picked some pretty rosy wreaths,
And bound them in each other's hair.

Soon as she saw what we had done,
Straight to the place her servant ran,
And stripped the bush of all its flowers,
To make a wreath for Madam Jane.

And then we tripped across the field
To pick some berries, ma, for you;
But still the servant followed us,
For miss must have some berries too.

She seemed resolved to make us know
That she would have just what she pleased;
And then she turned and drove away,
And so I hope her mind was eased.

What was it, ma, that vexed me so,
And spoiled the pleasure of the day?
I should have had a charming walk,
If that old coach had kept away.

MRS. MILNER.

'T was envy, child, an odious sin ;
It springs from ignorance and pride ;
You grieved to see another taste
Enjoyments to yourself denied.

But little do we know, indeed,
What people feel, from what is seen ;
I'll tell you something which will show
What an ungrateful girl you've been.

The little miss you envied so
Lived six long months in constant pain ;
Then her disorder seized her feet,
And she will never walk again.

I chanced to be at Mr. Wright's
That very day when Jane came home ;
Her brother took her in his arms,
And brought her sobbing in the room.

Her mother tenderly inquired
What made her weep ; " Alas," she cried,
" Mamma, why did you urge your child
To seek for pleasure in a ride ?

At first I looked with some delight
On the fresh fields so green and gay,
When two young misses tripped along
As merry as the birds in May.

“They laughed, they jumped, they climbed
the hedge

For flowers, and each a wreath entwines,
And then they sprung across the field
To gather strawberries from the vines.

“Ah, happy, happy girls, I cried,
Just like the little lambs you bound ;
You walk and run where'er you please,
And need no coach to drag you round.

“But in your sweet and pleasant sports,
Oh never shall I share a part.
Kind Peter saw how sad I felt,
And tried to cheer my heavy heart.

“He gathered roses from the bush,
And brought me strawberries ripe and
sweet ;
But on the flowers I could not look,
The strawberries I could not eat.

“I breathed a deep and sorrowing sigh,
The tears fast trickled down my cheek ;
Turn, turn, I cried, Oh turn away,
Let me my home, my mother seek.

“Oh turn, and carry me away ;
Each object gives my heart a pain ;
And let me in my chamber hide,
And never see a coach again.”

And now, Melinda, do you wish
That you were Jenny Wright, to ride
In a new coach whene'er you pleased,
And have a servant at your side ?

MELINDA.

Oh no, mamma, Oh no, indeed ;
How very wicked I have been !
You spoke most truly when you said
That envy was an odious sin.

I shall feel thankful I can walk
Whene'er I chance a coach to meet,
And never wish to ride again
As long as I can use my feet.



THE MILLER'S WIFE.

MRS. STANHOPE.

WELL, my dear children, I am glad
Your holidays are come ;
For much does it rejoice my heart
To see you all at home.

But that you have behaved so well
Gives me still greater joy ;
For greatly does your happiness
Your mother's thoughts employ.

The promise which I made you all
Most strictly I regard ;
And dearly do I love to give
My children their reward.

So here 's a guinea, Charles, for you,
To buy that pretty sword,
Which, when you asked for it last spring,
I could not then afford.

And Emma, one for you and Ann,
Between you to divide ;
As Charles is older than yourselves,
I hope you 're satisfied.

EMMA AND ANN.

O yes, mamma, there 's quite enough,
We do not wish for more ;
We never in our lives, indeed,
Had half so much before.

MRS. STANHOPE.

Well, now, my children, may I ask
What you intend to do
With all this money? 't is a sum
Of consequence, for you.

CHARLES.

Why, I shall buy a sword, mamma,
Before I sleep again ;
Because our little company
To-morrow mean to train.

EMMA.

And I shall buy a locket, ma,
That I may always wear,
As I so long have wished to do,
A lock of your dear hair.

ANN.

Well, I shall buy a bosom-pin,
And have your name inscribed—
That I may wear it next my heart—
Upon the under side.

CHARLES.

But, ma, methinks you look perplexed
With some unpleasant care ;
You smile, but then 't is not the smile
That you are used to wear.

Pray tell me, is it any thing
That I have said or done ?
I hope, mamma, I never shall
Be an ungrateful son.

MRS. STANHOPE.

O no, my child, you ever have
 Been dutiful and kind ;
Yet still there is a-circumstance
 That has perplexed my mind.

You know the worthy family
 Who lived below the hill—
Poor Mr. Smith's, that clever man
 Who used to tend the mill.

Last spring his wife and little ones
 Were very sick, you know ;
When they recovered he was seized,
 And died a week ago.

This very morning Mrs. Smith
 Came here to ask relief ;
Poor woman ! she looked pale and thin,
 And overwhelmed with grief.

“ Dear madam, I was loath to come
 And trouble you,” she said ;
“ But new distresses seem to fall
 Like torrents on my head.

“ About the time my husband died
 We owed a quarter's rent ;
He laid it up, and would, no doubt,
 Have paid it, every cent.

“But when our earnings all were stopped,
And we so long were ill,
I was obliged to take it all
To pay the doctor’s bill.

“My poor, dear husband bought a cow
A while before he died ;
‘Should I be taken now,’ said he,
‘You will be well supplied.’

“My eldest son can tend the mill,
He’s now about sixteen ;
My eldest daughter’s turned of twelve,
And she has learned to spin.

“I have, besides, four little ones
At home to be maintained ;
But still we have made shift to live,
And I have not complained ;

• “Till yesterday our landlord came,
And sternly bade me pay.
I told him all, and begged he’d grant
A little longer day.

“‘Wait longer? no, indeed, I wont,
Too long I’ve waited now ;
So pay, or you’ll march out of doors,
And I shall take your cow.’

“I could not answer him a word,
I'm willing to be poor;
But yet to lose my only cow,
And be turned out of door.

“And then, and then”—she stopped, she
choked—

“And then how could I live
And hear my children cry for bread,
And have no bread to give?”

I asked how much she owed the man ;

“Two guineas, ma'am,” said she,
“And that's a heavy sum, indeed,
For one so poor as me.”

“Poor woman, I am grieved,” said I,
“To see you so distressed;
I'll think what can be done, and then
Advise you for the best.”

But if the money can't be raised,
I know what must be done:
She'll have to give her children up,
And cast them on the town.

CHARLES.

“Here, take this guinea, ma, and pay
As far as that will go ;
I'd rather never have a sword,
Than see them suffer so.”

EMMA AND ANN.

And ours, mamma, do take it all,
And pay that cruel man ;
And pray, make haste, before he comes
To frighten them again.

MRS. STANHOPE.

Come to my arms, my dearest loves ;
I'm full of joy, to see
Your little hearts are truly warm
With sweet humanity.

We'll give the money for her debt ;
And never did I pay
A sum away with such delight
As I shall do this day.

Come then, my children, let us go ;
It is a blest employ
To cheer the fatherless, and fill
The widow's heart with joy.

DECEMBER.

SPRING, summer, and autumn have fled,
And the flowers and fruits disappear ;
The trees are disrobed of their dress,
For this is the night of the year.



Not a bird wings its way through the air,
Not a spire of green grass can be found;
The icicles hang from the bough,
And the snow mantles over the ground.

The river that gurgled so sweet,
Is bound with a bandage of ice,
And the villagers crowd into sleighs,
And scour o'er the plains in a trice.

The husbandman looks with delight,
To see how his garner's are stored;
He spared not the sweat of his brow,
And now he enjoys his reward.

To break the hard soil of his farm,
He toiled in the morn of the year;
And now has his crib filled with corn,
Enough for himself, and to spare.



SUMMER.

MARGARET.

THIS morning pa gave me a fifty cent piece,
And now I shall spend it in haste;

Down the street is a shop where there's every
thing good,
To please the most delicate taste.

Pears, apples, and peaches, and melons, and
nuts,
And sweetmeats of every sort ;
And oranges nice, and fresh pineapples too,
The finest that ever were bought.

Now, Lucy, don't pray stick so close to your
work,
But for once in the world lay it by ;
And run with me down to that grocery shop,
And advise me what good things to buy.

LUCY.

I advise you, my dear, to buy nothing at all,
But lay all your money away ;
And not spend it idly for sweetmeats and
fruit,
Which you know will not last you a day.

This morning papa gave *me* fifty cents too,
But I carefully laid it all by ;
And all that I get I shall add to my store,
For those who are poorer than I.

Last winter, you know, when poor Robinson's
boys

Were trudging along in the storm,
How you wished you had money to buy them
some clothes,

That the poor little things might be warm.

If from now to next winter you'll save all
you get,

And lay up this piece with the rest,
I have not the least doubt you will then have
enough

To purchase one garment at least.

And then how much better you'll feel, to
provide

A jacket, a gown, or a shawl,
For some poor little child, with the money
you save,
Than if you had swallowed it all.

MARGARET.

Well, well, after this, I will save all I get:

But pray, what would fifty cents do?
I'll run to the grocer's and spend this to-
day,

And then I'll be careful like you.



AUTUMN.

MARGARET.

Working, working all the time ;
 Lucy, you love to work, I know.
Oh dear, how wearied I should be,
 Were I obliged to labor so.

The toil of school is quite enough ;
 I'm always glad to get away
From books and pens, and fancy work,
 To spend the merry hours in play.

LUCY.

And when the toil of school is o'er,
I love to play as well as you;
But in such simple work as this
I often find amusement too.

Of fancy work I soon get tired,
And then plain sewing is a treat;
And when I'm satisfied with that,
I always dearly love to knit.

So, Margaret, I really think
I've more variety than you :
For when you are fatigued with play,
You hardly know what next to do.

MARGARET.

I could not learn to knit, I'm sure ;
Oh, how impatient I should be ;
And then, what good this knitting does,
For my part, I could never see.

Lucy, suppose you should begin
Stockings as fine as these we wear,
And work between schools all the time,
You'd make but few pairs in a year.

LUCY.

No, but if I had coarser yarn,
And made my stockings pretty small,
In two weeks I could finish them,
And not fatigue myself at all.

MARGARET.

But if they were so small and coarse,
Sure they would not be fit for you ;
Thus all your labor would be lost,
And so what good does knitting do ?

LUCY.

Oh Margaret, many a needy child
Would be so glad to put them on,
When winter nipped its little feet,
I should not grudge the work I'd done.

MARGARET.

Aye, that indeed ; well, I should love
To clothe such little creatures too.
Now let us play ; when winter comes,
I think I'll learn to knit of you.

LUCY.

When winter comes 't will be too late,
The stockings will be wanted then ;
So I will mind my knitting work,
And you may go and play again.



WINTER.

LUCY.

Why, Margaret, how cold you look ;
For pity's sake, come here :
Your cheeks are wet with crying, too ;
Where have you been, my dear ?

MARGARET.

Oh, Lucy, I have seen a sight
Would make you cry, I'm sure :
Poor little Mary Robinson
This moment left our door,

Without a stocking to her foot,
This bitter, freezing day ;
And I'm afraid the poor dear child
Will perish by the way.

LUCY.

Go, call her back; see, I've a store
Of stockings ready knit,
For just such little girls as she ;
I dare say they will fit.

MARGARET.

What, seven pair! all these you made
While I but threw away
The precious hours in idleness,
Or foolishly at play.

But as I had no yarn, you know,
I could not knit like you ;
Or else perhaps I might have had
Some little stockings too.

LUCY.

I had no yarn but what I bought
With change I saved last year ;
You might have done the same, for you
Had more than I, my dear.

But don't stand talking, go and call
Poor Mary back again.
Give her two pair to wear herself,
And two for little Jane.

MARGARET.

Oh, what a fool was I to waste
My time and money so ;
I never realized before
What industry would do.

Idle and careless I have been,
But will be so no more ;
That I may feel that sweet delight
To help the suffering poor.

THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN..

FRANK.

I WISH you would give me some money, papa,
To buy Tommy Harris's gun ;
He says there are plenty of robins this year;
And to shoot them is capital fun.

Besides, sir, he told me they ought to be
killed,

For they look upon fruit as their treat ;
And so fast they are building on every tree,
We shall not have a cherry to eat.

And you know, sir, what excellent puddings
they make,

How I love them nobody can tell ;
But if these gay robbers must plunder them
all,
We may bid cherry-puddings farewell.

Will you give me the money, sir? don't be
concerned ;

Tommy Harris will teach me to shoot :
I presume I shall bring home a dozen of
birds,
And save you a bushel of fruit.

PAPA.

You know the old apple-tree, Francis, that
stands

Just under my window ; this year,
On one of its branches two robins have
built,

And the young ones begin to appear.

I watched them this morning : the parents
had perched

On a bough while they carolled a song ;
And then they flew off, with affectionate haste,
To gather some food for their young.

In a very few minutes they winged their way
back

With a cherry in each little bill,
And flew with delight to the family nest,
The mouths of their darlings to fill.

The nestlings looked up, and set open their
throats,

To catch every scrap that should fall;
And the old ones kept flying and bringing
them fruit,
Till they fully had feasted them all.

I gazed with delight on the beautiful group.

Now had some young sportsman, thought I,
Discovered your parents, and levelled his gun
While they hurried your wants to supply,

They might now be flapping their wings on
the ground,

All wet with their innocent blood;
While their infants, who could not get out of
their nest,

Were screaming and begging for food.

But then, as you love cherry-pudding so well,
Shall I give you the money, my son?

Just there, in my purse, on the table it lays,
If you wish it, go buy you a gun.

FRANK.

Oh, not for the world ; I did not once think
Of the misery that sporting would give :
I'll not kill a bird, if I never should taste
Of a cherry as long as I live.



THE WHORTLEBERRY HILL.

ELIZABETH.

COME, girls, we'll put our bonnets on,
And climb the whortleberry hill ;
And let us see how fast we'll pick,
And each her little basket fill.

Poor Caroline ! I pity her,
Because she did so want to come ;
But she fell down and hurt her foot,
And so she had to stay at home.

Why, Susan, how your fingers fly ;
If I could pick as fast as you,
I dare say I should get enough
For supper and for breakfast too.

SUSAN.

Well, I am tired—now let us rest
A while beneath this shady tree ;
We'll work the faster by and by—
A quart will be enough for me.

ELIZABETH.

I cannot stop, for I must try
To gather some for Caroline ;
Poor thing ! she could not come herself,
And I shall give her half of mine.

SUSAN.

And then you'll go without yourself ;
Just such a little goose you are ;
For if you have but half enough,
You always think you've some to spare.

If I take care of number one,
'T is quite as much as I can do ;
I can't contrive for all the rest—
The care of that I leave to you.

ELIZABETH.

Susan, if I should get a bowl
With milk and whortleberries filled,
And just as I began to eat,
Should chance to see some other child

Looking and longing for a taste,
I know I could not swallow one ;
They'd stick together in my throat,
And choke me quicker than a bone.

But see how little Fanny looks,
How disappointed, and how dull ;
Do help her, for she picks so slow,
She'll never get her basket full.

SUSAN.

And so I will, Elizabeth,
I'll try to be as kind as you ;
Not labor only for myself,
But do some good to others too.

FANNY.

I thank you, sisters, and to-night
I mean to tell all this to mother;
For never does she happier feel
Than when her children love each other.



A BRIGHT EXAMPLE.

FANNY.

I WONDER what beautiful lady it was
That called on you, mother, to-day;
Her voice was as sweet as a little bird's song,
And her countenance smiling as May.

MAMMA.

I will tell you, my dear: it was Emily
Grant;

And when she was little, like you,
She was the most tender and beautiful child
To her parents that ever I knew.

She would listen well pleased, when they gave
her advice,

And it never was given in vain;
And what they commanded she never forgot,
Or made them repeat it again.

To her brothers and sisters she always was
kind,

And if she had any thing rare,
Such as sweetmeats or fruit, she would not
taste a bit
Till each little one had a share.

If one of them spoke a harsh word, she would
say,

“Oh pray do not quarrel, my dear;
How can you expect to be happy in heaven,
Unless you live peaceably here?”

She treated the servants with gentleness too,
And spoke with a manner so mild,
That they loved her most dearly, and never
were tired .

Of obliging so pleasant a child.

“Poor people! they work so hard for us,”
she said,

“Kind language we surely might give ;
If I were a servant, how grieved I should be
Cross words and sour looks to receive.”

She studied her Bible with diligent care,
And grew wiser and better each day ;
For whatever she found it her duty to do,
She did without any delay.

And so she grew up like a beautiful rose,
Delightful to every eye ;
She always is happy, because she is good,
And is willing to live or to die.

And now, dearest child, if you wish me to
tell

What most for my darling I want,
'T is this : that my own little Fanny may be
Such another as Emily Grant.



A WALK IN THE FIELDS.

JANE.

COME, dear Anna, let us now
Over the flowery meadows rove ;
And as we wander hand in hand,
I will tell you what I love.

When the orchard is in bloom,
I love to have you walk with me,
And listen to the merry birds
Singing on the apple-tree.

I love to climb the strawberry-hill
Early on a pleasant morn,
And watch the little shining drops
That hang upon the ragged thorn.

I love, beneath an aged oak,
To sit upon the crooked root ;
And on the smooth and dewy grass
I love to print my little foot.

And when across the fields I run,
To breathe the fresh and wholesome air,
I love to feel the cooling breeze
Blowing softly through my hair.

Upon the winding river's bank
I dearly love to take my seat,
And gaze upon the bubbling foam
That curls and sparkles at my feet.

ANNA.

Every object you behold
Fills your bosom with delight ;
Who, dear Jane, has kindly given
All these beauties to our sight ?

Oh, 'tis He who made the world,
And blesses every living soul :
Should not then his children be
Affectionate and dutiful ?

Yes, dear Jenny, let us try
That every day may be our best ;
Then when the last sweet day shall come,
'T will be the crown of all the rest.

SONG OF PRAISE.

FATHER of light, almighty Lord,
Who mad'st the sky, the earth, the sea,
I bless thy goodness which has deigned
To look from heaven and fashion me.

When, senseless as the dust I tread,
In my own nothingness I lay,
Thy voice commanded me to rise
And view the glorious light of day.

And when my infant limbs were weak,
Too weak my little frame to bear ;
Thou gavest me a mother's arms,
To fold me round with guardian care.



The food that nourishes my life,
My best of friends, I owe to thee;
And even the pleasant sense of taste,
Which makes that food so sweet to me.

When tired I lay me down at night,
Upon my bed so soft and warm,
How sweet I sleep beneath thy wings,
Free from all fear, secure from harm.

And though a giddy heedless child,
In dangerous paths I often stray,
Thy gentle hand conducts me back,
And leads me in a safer way.

Yet still, without thy Bible, Lord,
I never could have learned thy name ;
Nor ever should have known from whom
My thousand thousand blessings came.

But then I read with sweet surprise
The great, the deep, the wondrous plan
Of loving-kindness thou hast laid,
To save the family of man.

Oh, I will bless thee while I live,
And love and serve thee all my days ;
And when thou callest me to heaven,
I will for ever sing thy praise.



WINTER.

COME, my darling little girls,
Brush the slumbers from your eyes,
For the day begins to dawn
Sweetly in the eastern skies.

Plentiful has been your sleep,
For the winter nights are long;
And not a single bird will come
To wake you with his merry song.

Early rising gives a space
For the duties of the day,
All your lessons, all your work,
And a leisure hour for play.

Short and fleeting as it is,
If you will but seize its prime,
And improve its passing hours,
You will then "redeem the time."

Faded are the garden flowers,
Fruit is gone, and trees are bare,
Grassy banks are hid in snow;
Piercing is the frosty air.

Should you now attempt a walk
O'er the hills or through the mead,
Your fingers would be numb with cold,
Your teeth would chatter in your head.

Many a tender mother now,
While her helpless infant brood
Hover round a scanty fire,
Weeps to hear them cry for food.



Many a little, hungry child,
Thinly clad and sadly poor,
Shivering leaves her wretched home
To beg a crust from door to door.

You, my babes, are not exposed
To the rigors of the year ;
For you a pleasant breakfast waits,
A cheerful fire is blazing clear.

Children, fall upon your knees,
Lift your thankful hearts to heaven
Bless that God whose wondrous love
Has to you such blessings given.

Yet remember, you are charged
Never to forget the poor,
But with care to search them out,
And with them divide your store.

Let us then employ this day
In the works of charity ;
Let us little garments make
For the limbs of infancy.

Some superfluous attire
Let us willingly forego,
To supply the wants of age,
To relieve the house of woe.

Kindly offices of love
Make the shining day more bright ;
And a conscience whispering peace
Lays the pillow soft at night.



HONESTY.

CHARLES.

WHAT makes cousin William so quiet, mamma?

He never is angry at play ;

And if the boys quarrel, as sometimes they do,

He leaves them and marches away.

When away from his parents, he makes it a
point

To do what he thinks is their will ;

Whether present or absent, he loves their
commands,

And is faithful and dutiful still.

His dealings are fair ; he would injure himself
Before he'd do any one wrong :

A falsehood he hates, and I never once heard
A wicked word drop from his tongue.

Yet though he's so kind, he never is proud,
Nor ever pretends he is good,

But says he's ashamed every day when he
thinks

How little he does as he should.

There must be a reason—I cannot tell what—
That makes him as good as he is ;

I wish, if you can, you would tell me, mamma,
For I do long to know what it is.

MAMMA.

I will tell you, my child, what he says is the rule
He so earnestly tries to pursue,

And you soon will perceive 't is the same, my
dear son,

I have long recommended to you.

As William and Tommy were walking one
day,

A gentleman passed on before ;
A bundle of papers he held in his hand,
And was busily looking them o'er.

One dropped from the rest, which he did not
observe ;

He folded the others in haste,
And putting them up, as he turned down a
lane,
Out of sight in a minute he passed.

William took up the scrip—'t was a ten dol-
lar bill ;

Tom smiled at his own cunning plan :
“ You shall give me one half of it, William,”
said he,
“ Or else I will call to the man.”

“ Don't threaten,” said William ; “ I'll call
him myself ;

Do you think I would keep it, my friend ?
'T would be stealing downright ; should I do
such an act

All comfort would be at an end.”

“Oh, do n’t be so scrupulous, William,” said
Tom ;

“Come, hand me the bill, and we’ll share it;
If you hold but your tongue, it will never be
known—

I presume he can very well spare it.”

But William ran off with the bill in his hand,
And delivered it straight to its owner ;

“I thank you,” said he ; “take this dollar,
my boy,

For behaving so much upon honor.”

“O no, sir,” cried William, “I ask no reward,
And I’m heartily glad it is found ;

The money is yours, and I cannot be paid
For picking it up from the ground.”

“You’re a fine little fellow ; pray, where do
you live ?

I must visit your parents, I find,
And try to discover what method they took
To give you so noble a mind.”

“They gave me the Bible, sir ; that is my
rule,

And it always directs me aright ;
And I’m never unhappy, nor ever do wrong,
But when I depart from its light.

“It leads me to watch my own heart, and to
pray

That sin may be cast from my breast,
And whether I deal with man, woman, or child,
To be faithful in that which is least.”

Thus you see, my dear Charles, 't is the Bible
that makes

Your cousin so worthy a boy ;
It will bless him through life, and conduct
him at last
To a world of unspeakable joy.

“I'VE TOLD A LIE.”

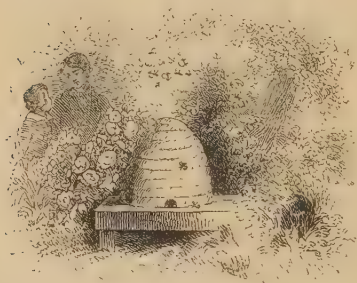
“The coach is ready, sister, run
And put your gloves and bonnet on ;
It was about a week ago
Our parents promised us, you know,
If we were good, that we to-day
Should have the coach and ride away.
Our cousins too are all at home :
How glad they 'll be to see us come.
And they're such lovely girls and boys,
And have so many pretty toys,
And we shall have the sweetest ride
Through trees along the river side.

Come, sister, come, make no delay,
'T is time for us to start away.
What ails you, Mary? a'n't you well?
What makes you cry so? sister, tell."



"Harry, I can't; don't ask me why.
And yet I must—*I've told a lie!*
And here shut up, I'm doomed to stay
And weep and mourn the livelong day.
I shall not dare to show my face,
Nor join the children in their plays;
They'll see my tears, and then inquire
What I have done, and call me *liar*.
And, Harry, I'm afraid that you
And Harriet will hate me too.

But, what is worst of all, mamma
Don't speak to me, nor does papa.
Not once upon me have they smiled
Since I was such a wicked child.
Oh, it will break my heart, I'm sure.
I never told a lie before,
And never, never will again,
If I their pardon can obtain.
Go, it is time that you were gone,
And leave me here to cry alone."



MORNING.

FLED away are the shadows of night,
The morning is smiling and clear;
The sun has arisen so bright,
And the birds fly aloft in the air.

The sweet robins sing on the tree,
The little lambs skip o'er the hill,
And loud hum the bees, as they work,
Their houses with honey to fill.

'Tis time for the children to wake;
Come, little ones, open your eyes;
And your thanks and your praises return
To the Being who governs the skies.

He has guarded you all the long night
From sickness and danger and pain,
And brought you in safety and peace
To a beautiful morning again.



THE STOLEN TOP.

“EDWARD, come here; how pale you are;
What makes you look so wild?
And you've been crying sadly too;
What's happened to my child?”

“You know, mamma, you sent me down
To neighbor Brightman's shop
With ninepence in my hand, to buy
A little humming-top.



“ Well, neighbor Brightman handed down
A dozen tops, or more,
For me to make a choice of one ;
Then stepped towards the door.

“ So then I caught one slyly up
And in my pocket slid it ;
And no one would suspect the thing,
So cunningly I hid it.

“ And so I bought another top
And laid my ninepence down,
Then laughed to think I owned them both,
But paid for only one.

“But when I turned and left the shop
I felt most dreadfully,
For all the time I was in fear
That he would follow me.

“Surely, thought I, he'll find it out ;
The angry man will come,
And I shall never see mamma
And never more go home.

“He'll tie a rope around my neck,
And hang me up on high ;
And leave the little wicked thief
To hang there till he die.

“And then I screamed, and ran so fast
Adown the nearest lane ;
And then I turned and looked behind,
Then screamed, and ran again.

“Trembling, at last I reached my home,
And straight I went to bed,
But Oh, in such a shocking fright
That I was almost dead.

“No rest nor comfort could I get,
And not a wink of sleep :
All I could do was toss and turn
From side to side, and weep.

“And what was worst of all, mamma,
I could not say my prayers;
And then I thought my heart would burst,
And I was drowned in tears.

“No, no, I cried; God will not hear
A child so wicked pray:
I dare not hope he'll let me live
To see another day.

“Thus did I mourn till morning's dawn,
And yet found no relief;
For Oh, what comfort can there be,
Or pleasure, for a thief?”

“Go, my poor, wretched, guilty child,
Go, take the top you stole,
And give it to the man you've wronged,
And own to him the whole.

“Then, on your knees before your God,
Confess how wrong you've been;
Beg him to save you, and forgive
This great and dreadful sin.

“And never, while you live, again
To such a deed consent,
Lest he should take away your life
Before you can repent.”



THE BIRTHDAY.

THIRTEEN winters hast thou lived
Sheltered safe from every storm;
Thirteen springs have lent their breath
To expand thy little form.

Thirteen summers have unveiled
Nature's beauties to thine eye;
Thirteen autumns brought their fruit,
Ripened in their mellow sky.

In the length of thirteen years
Never once has failed thy food ;
But a Father's hand has still
Been extended for thy good.

Time would fail should I attempt
To recount thy mercies o'er ;
They are numerous as the sands
That enwrap the ocean shore.

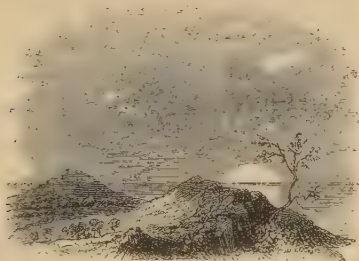
Deep thy obligations are ;
What hast thou returned, my child ?
Has obedience marked thy life,
Has thy heart with love been filled ?

Or hast thou forgotten Him
Who has kindly thought on thee,
And the time for duty given
Spent too much in vanity ?

Then resolve this day, my love,
All thine errors to amend ;
Look with humble faith to Him
Who is thy forgiving Friend.

Choose him for thine only Guide
Through the winding paths of life ;
Choose him for thine only Guard
In this world of care and strife.

Choose whatever he directs,
Choose the precepts he has given ;
Choose him for thy King on earth,
And he'll be thy God in heaven.



EVENING.

THE sun has gone over the earth,
And away to the ocean he's bound ;
Old night has ascended the sky,
And hung her dark curtains around.

The shops are all shut in the street,
The workmen have gone home to rest ;
The birds' merry carol is hushed,
And each one has flown to his nest.

Close under the wings of the hen
The chickens most lovingly creep ;
Come, children, prepare for your bed,
For this is the season of sleep.

But ere you lie down for the night,
Recollect what you've done in the day;
Have you spoke a bad word? told a lie?
Or quarrelled with children at play?
Have you wantonly staid from your school?
Or neglected your lesson to gain?
Has some small advantage in dress
Made you insolent, haughty, or vain?
To your parents, or teachers, or friends,
Have you pert or undutiful been?
If you're guilty of any of these,
You're guilty, my children, of *sin*.
But if you are humble and grieved,
And earnest your faults to amend,
Go pray to your Father in heaven,
For he is the penitent's friend.
Entreat Him to pardon your sins,
And help you to love his commands;
And your health, and your life, and your soul,
Commit to His merciful hands.
And if you will study his laws,
And obey the commands he has given,
When the dark sleep of death shall be o'er,
You will wake to be happy in heaven.



QUARRELLING.

AMELIA.

DEAR mother, I never did know till this day
The value of family peace;
So very unpleasant my visit has been,
I was glad to obtain a release.

My cousins have quarrelled the whole after-
noon;
And if we attempted to play,
There could be nothing done, because each
little girl
Insisted on having her way.

If to walk in the garden, and gather some
flowers,

One sister should happen to choose,
Or to play with the dolls, or to read pretty
books,

Another was sure to refuse.

Disgusted and wearied, I longed to come home,
Where kindness fills every breast,
And each one desires, as her sweetest delight,
To render the others more blest.

MAMMA.

I often have told you no creature was made
To live for itself all alone ;
But to cordially seek others' comfort and peace,
Was the way to be finding our own.

But a spirit of selfishness always destroys
The pleasure it means to obtain ;
In indulging a wish so contracted and base,
Disappointment is all we should gain.

And if it be true that a heaven on earth
Is piety, friendship, and love,
'Tis impossible sure that contention and strife
Can lead us to heaven above.



SABBATH-SCHOOL.

LUCY.

JANE, it always does me good,
To attend the Sabbath-school;
I hear instruction, and intend
To take it for my rule.

But all my good resolves are gone
As soon as school is o'er;
I act as bad, and even, I think,
Worse than I did before.

It was last Sabbath that I heard
About the Prince of peace—
That if we loved him as we ought,
All wrath and strife would cease.

And then I thought I would not speak
An angry word again ;
Nor ever have an angry thought,
Nor murmur, nor complain.

But long before the day was gone
I fretted dreadfully,
Nor thought how kindly and how long
My Lord had borne with me.

I learn the lessons that you learn,
The same instruction hear ;
And yet the faults that I commit
Do not in you appear.

I wish you'd tell me how it is
That you are always good ;
I think, if I could know the way,
I'd do it, if I could.

JANE.

Before I go to school, my dear,
I go to God in prayer,
And beg him graciously to bless
The truths that I may hear.

When school begins, I carefully
Attend to all that's said,
And try to keep it on my heart
As well as in my head.

When I return, I straight retire,
Again to seek the Lord,
And pray Him to incline my heart
To love his holy word.

And then through all the week I try
To live as I have prayed,
And oftentimes in every day
I seek my Father's aid.

When I forget my God, and sin,
I've but one way to take—
To beg forgiveness of my guilt,
For my Redeemer's sake.

And humbly at my Saviour's feet,
I earnestly implore
He'd draw me closer to himself,
That I may sin no more.

LUCY.

Dear sister, I believe you're right,
And what you say is truth ;
Come, kneel with me before our God,
Perhaps he'll bless us both.



A RURAL WALK.

COME, children, now let us walk out and enjoy
The beauties of nature all smiling around ;
The soft gliding stream, the green shady trees,
And all the gay flowerets that laugh on the
ground.

See, what an assemblage of beauty and use!

The blessed Creator made nothing in vain;
From the oak on the mountain that rears its
tall head,

To the tuft of low grass that peeps up on
the plain.

Now look at this leaf: you would hardly believe

It is covered with beings too small for your
sight;

'Tis their birthplace and shelter, their food
and their home,

Their dwelling by day, and their lodging
at night.

Now think of the ocean, how wide and how
deep;

And the billows, how vast, that so fearfully
roar;

Yet all its wide waters are peopled with life,
From the wave at your feet to the furthest-
most shore.

See the sheep and the lambkins which feed
on the hills,

And the herd that so busily graze on the
mead;

That plentiful portion, so tender and sweet,
Is a feast that for them the Creator has
spread.

Of all the vast myriads that swim in the sea,
That live on the earth, and that fly in the
air,

Not one does the bountiful Maker forget,
Not one is shut out from his provident care.

But on us has the blessed Creator bestowed
A precious existence, surpassing the whole;
To them he has granted an animal life,
To man he has given a rational soul.

And when we ungratefully turned from our
God,
And deserved from him nothing but sorrow
and pain,
He sent his dear Son from the heaven of
heavens

To die for our sins, and restore us again.

Then haste, my dear children, and kneel at
his feet,

With penitent hearts seek his reconciled face,
Repent of your sins, and repeat them no more,
Obey his commands, and believe in his grace.



DRINKING JOE.

CHARLES.

PA, did you know that drinking Joe
Had turned to be a sober man?
He minds his work, and never swears,
And tries to do what good he can.

It seems so strange, because he used
To be so idle, and so cross:
He beat his wife, and children too;
I never saw a man act worse.

FATHER.

Oh yes, my son, I have observed
The pleasant change in neighbor Joe;
I told him I was very glad,
And asked what made him alter so.

“I’ll tell you truly, sir,” said he:
“I wasted all my youthful days;
I would not read the word of God,
And did not love his holy ways.

“I was not happy in my sins,
My conscience checked me every day;
But I cast off the fear of God,
And rather chose to swear than pray.

“At length I thought I’d settle down,
And so I picked me out a wife;
But wretchedly did I perform
The duties of a married life.

“In managing our little ones,
My mate and I could not agree;
I was not fit to govern them,
While wicked passions governed me.

“I was imperious and unkind,
They were unruly, pert, and vain;
They disobeyed me to my face,
And when I stormed, they stormed again.

“At last, grown weary of my home,
I to the tavern bent my way,
And drank and gambled many a night,
And idly wasted many a day.

“It happened that a Sabbath-school
About that time was opened here ;
My eldest daughter chose to go,
And followed it about a year.

“But in that year, I was surprised
To see how altered she appeared ;
No disobliging act was seen,
And not one fretful word was heard.

“When I came reeling home at night,
Disposed to fight with all I met,
She 'd beg the children not to speak
One word to put me in a fret.

“The best our cottage could afford
She for my supper would prepare,
And do whatever I required
With cheerful and unwearied care.

“When she did every thing she could,
And found herself for ever blamed,
She would be silent, or reply
So meekly that I felt ashamed.

“Once I had eaten up my milk,
And ordered her to bring me more:
She hit her foot, and spilt it all;
Enraged, I struck her to the floor.

“She rose in tears, but did not speak,
And handed me another bowl;
I could not drink a single drop—
Her patience cut me to the soul.

“‘Go, leave me, Emmeline,’ I said;
‘So vile a creature does not live;
I am not worthy such a child;
Leave me—I know you can’t forgive.’

“She threw herself into my arms;
‘Dear father, do not tell me so;
I’ve been a disobedient child:
Forgive *me*, sir—I cannot go.’

“I sobbed aloud. ‘Where, where,’ I cried,
‘Did you obtain so sweet a mind?
Come, tell me who has taught you thus,
To be so tender and so kind?’

“‘The Bible, sir, it taught me all;
Showed me how wicked I had been,
And that to treat my parents ill
Was in God’s sight a dreadful sin.

“It showed me too, that Jesus died
That all our sins might be forgiven;
That every soul that would repent,
And come to him, should go to heaven.

“My heart was melted—straight I sought
With earnestness the blessed word;
I felt my guilt, I owned my sins,
And begged forgiveness of the Lord.

“He heard my cry: He gave me strength
To hate and leave my wicked ways;
He filled my soul with thankful love,
And to His name be all the praise.”

A HAPPY DAY—MORNING.

JANE.

THINK of the music-meeting, ma;
I've dreamed about it all the night;
I cannot keep it from my mind:
Music, you know, is my delight.

'Tis said the pieces are so long,
'T will take them all the afternoon;
And if it lasted all the night,
I think my heart would keep in tune.

MAMMA.

I grieve to disappoint you, Jane,
But here 's a billet you may see ;
'Tis from your aunt, requesting you
To spend the day with Emily.



You know she has been very sick,
And in her chamber long confined
From all those pleasant social scenes
Which interest the youthful mind.
And in her present feeble state,
While anxious thought her mind employs,
Friendship's kind soothings are among
The sweetest comforts she enjoys.

JANE.

Oh, dear mamma, how can I lose
What I have so depended on,
And sit in that dark, gloomy room
All day with Emily alone?

If some one else would go to-day,
Another time, if she requires,
I'll stay with her a day and night,
Or just as long as she desires.

MAMMA.

Your aunt applied to three or four ;
But Emily's young friends will go,
Whether she sits alone or not,
To hear the oratorio.

Though self-denial is a cross
We often must take up, my dear,
The smiles of our approving God
Will lighten every cross we bear.

Whate'er kind action you would wish
Another should perform for you,
That very action, if required,
Is just the thing that you should do.

This is the golden rule, my child :

Now think, were her afflictions yours,

How would you feel if no kind friend

Would come to cheer your lonely hours?

JANE.

You're right, mamma, and I was wrong ;

I'll throw my selfishness away,

And to that poor sick, suffering child

Most willingly devote the day.



A HAPPY DAY—EVENING.

JANE.

DEAR mother, you don't know how happy I
feel,

That I left my amusement to visit my friend.

I did not reflect on what trivial things

A sick person's comfort might so much de-
pend.

When Emily heard of the concert to-day,

“Don't send,” said she, “mother, for dear
cousin Jane ;

How can she relinquish a pleasure so sweet,

To sit in this sick room, and hear me com-
plain ?

“I ought not to wish it, and do not, I’m sure,
Her fondness for music is much like my own;
And before I’d deprive her of such a delight,
I would stay all the day and the evening
alone.

“Our hearts and our voices *have* mingled in
praise;
But, mother, those seasons with *me* are
now o’er;
And perhaps”—her lips quivered—“perhaps
it is best
That I should partake such enjoyments no
more.”

She leaned on her hand, and sat buried in
thought;
As I entered the chamber, she just raised
her head,
But you cannot conceive how her countenance
changed;
Her tears were all dried, and her gloom
had all fled.

“Dear Jane, what a sacrifice you must have
made;
How can I repay you such kindness as this?

She caught both my hands, and enclosed
them in hers,

While she pressed upon each an affection-
ate kiss.

I talked to her cheerfully—sat by her side,
Sung her favorite hymns in a low, gentle
strain,

And led her to hope, what I really believe,
That yet we should sing them together
again.

When I bade them good-night, my aunt ten-
derly said,

“I have nothing to give but my thanks and
my tears:

My child’s pallid cheeks you have covered
with smiles;

You have kindled her hopes, and diminished
her fears.”

Believe me, dear mother, I would not exchange
The feelings that moment which gladdened
my heart,

For any amusement the world could afford,
Nor the pleasure that music itself would
impart.

I'm ashamed, when I think how unfeeling I was,
How unwilling to give up a darling pursuit;
So dead to my duty, and wrapped up in self,
I had like to have acted the part of a brute.

But I hope 't is a lesson I shall not forget,
That to lighten one pang from the bosom
of woe
Is a dearer delight to a rational mind
Than mean self-indulgence could ever be-
stow.

THE SICK CHILD.

HARRIET.

MAMMA, when little Ann was sick,
So very sick, the other day,
I was so frightened and distressed
I could not work, nor eat, nor play.

And when the doctor said to you,
“Dear madam, you must lose your child,”
I was astonished to behold
Your countenance so calm and mild.

I did indeed observe you wipe
A tear that trickled down your cheek,
But not a single murmuring word
Of sad complaining did you speak.

And when I cried, "Oh, dear mamma,
What shall I do if Anna dies?"

You asked me if I wished to keep
My little sister from the skies.

"Be still," you said, "be still, my child:
Soon will my baby sink to rest;
Soon will her infant spirit rise,
To be with God for ever blest."

But when her sickness was removed,
Though my sad heart with joy was cheered,
I must confess I was surprised
To see how thankful you appeared.

If you were willing Ann should go
To heaven, for ever free from pain
How could you so rejoice to find
That she must live on earth again?

MAMMA.

When it appeared the will of God
To take your sister's life away,
I trusted she would be removed
From this dark world to endless day.

But when I saw her life was spared,
Her precious health again restored,
I humbly hoped that she would live
To do much service for her Lord.

I hoped that by a useful life
She would on earth a blessing prove,
And in the joy of heaven receive
The rich reward of active love.



CRUELTY.

WILLIAM.

OH, fie on you, Harry ; I'm sorry to see
So cruel a temper appear.
What has the poor horse done to merit such
blows ?
For pity's sake, Harry, forbear.

HARRY.

He angered me, William; all over the fields
He has led me a wearisome chase;
Whene'er I came near him, he'd kick up his
heels,
And set himself off for a race.

But now I have caught him, I'll have my re-
venge,
And take my pay out of his hide;
I'll teach him he shall not be streaking away,
When I take a notion to ride.

The beasts of the field were all given to us,
For our comfort and pleasure and ease;
And if they wont mind us, we have a good
right
To correct them as much as we please.

WILLIAM.

You're mistaken, my brother; the beasts of
the field
Were given us only to *use*;
We have leave to employ them whenever we
will,
And restrain them—but never *abuse*.

Injustice and cruelty, passion and spite,
The God of all mercy abhors;
And he surely will judge the bold rebel who
breaks

His kind and compassionate laws.

If ever you punish a creature again
Unless there is absolute need,
Remember that He who fills heaven and earth
That moment is viewing the deed.



TO A RICH CHILD.

My little friend, has Providence
With gifts of love encircled thee?
And dost thou daily taste the joys
Of plenty and prosperity?

Hast thou kind parents? tender friends?
A pleasant home? abundant wealth?
And to all these has God in love
Added the precious boon of health?
Then, favored child, thy task is great,
For 't is thy duty to improve
The talents thus by mercy given
In all the offices of love.

Look round thee on the wretched ones
In pining sickness, pinching want;
And teach thy little heart to feel,
And teach thy hand relief to grant.

Have thy fond parents decked thee out
In costly ornaments of dress;
And dost thou dream, mistaken child,
In these to find thy happiness?

It cannot be: in empty show
Thou never wilt true pleasure find;
It is too mean to satisfy
The high-born soul, the immortal mind.

Deny thyself, and follow Christ
In the blest walks of charity;
Clothe the weak, shivering limbs of age,
Feed the dear babes of poverty.

Believe me, thou wilt feel a joy
As far beyond all pampered pride,
As the tall cedar is above
The thorn-bush grovelling at its side.

For kind compassion's every act
Will such a poor delight impart,
As cannot be conceived or felt
By the cold, hard, ambitious heart.

And on thy head in smiling love
Ten thousand blessings will descend,
From Him who is the orphan's God,
And the poor humble sufferer's Friend.



NEW-YEAR'S THOUGHTS.

I have wasted my life, I have squandered my
time,
I have been disobedient and wild,
I have quarrelled with brothers and sisters
and friends,
And been a most obstinate child.

Yet my heavenly Father has not cut me off,
But preserved me another whole year;
He has given me food, he has given me health,
And watched me with merciful care.

I will fall at his feet, his forgiveness implore,
And give myself into his hands,
And beg him to grant me a penitent heart,
To love and obey his commands.

That he never may leave me again to myself,
From the sweet path of duty to stray,
I will make his dear word the blest rule of
my life,
And all its kind precepts obey.

BRAIDING STRAW.

HARRIET.

WHAT, Laura, are you braiding straw?
Why, this is strange indeed;
How long, my dear, since you became
This humble child of need?

Cousin, your father is as rich
As any man in town;
Pray, quit your straw, for I should be
Ashamed to have it known.

Would it not be a pretty thing
In our young class to tell,
"Laura Munroe is braiding straw!"
'T would sound extremely well!

But possibly I wrong you, child ;
Perhaps you only play ;
It cannot, no, it cannot be
That you should work for pay.

LAURA.

Just catch your breath, and I'll explain
This thing so strange and new ;
And when you've heard me, you perhaps
Will be a braider too.

HARRIET.

A braider ? I a braider ? no !
I never shall, I'm sure ;
Business so mean as that I leave
To children of the poor.

LAURA.

Harriet, don't speak with so much scorn ;
It gives me secret dread
That you may do some meaner thing
To earn your daily bread.

But I'll explain : my time, you know,
Is portioned out each day ;
The hours are regularly fixed
For study, work, and play.

My morning lessons last till ten;
Two hours I then bestow
On household labors, and concerns
Which misses ought to know.

To writing, after I have dined,
One short half hour I give;
And then I read some useful book,
Or sit and sew till five.

From five to nine the time 's my own
As I think best to spend,
In healthful play, in social walks,
Or visiting a friend.

And often did I use to stroll
To neighbor Gardner's cot;
A pious widow, poor indeed,
But patient in her lot.

And day by day she labors hard
Four little girls to feed;
While the two eldest work in straw,
To buy the clothes they need.

The other two are yet too young
To earn a single cent.

"Could I but school these lambs," said she,
" 'T would be my heart's content."

I had a thought—"I'll braid," said I.

I seized my hours of play,
And found I soon could earn enough
The master's bill to pay.

The morning that I went at first
To carry them to school,
The mother did not say a word,
Her tender heart was full.

"Good morn," said I, and led them off;
The tears rolled down her cheek;
"The widow's blessing on you rest,"
'T was all that she could speak.

But, Harriet, 't would delight your heart
To see how fast they gain,
And how the little creatures try
Their learning to obtain.

HARRIET.

Laura, will you teach me to braid?
I'll do my best endeavor
To seek the bliss of charity
And banish pride for ever.



TO A POOR CHILD.

WHAT afflicts thee, little girl?

Thy countenance is full of grief;
Tell me what thy sorrows are;
Fain would I afford relief.

Hast thou lost thy pleasant home?

Are thy tender parents dead?
Art thou forced to go abroad,
A servant child, to earn thy bread?

Dost thou with a stranger live?

Is thy service strict and hard?
And do thy attempts to please
Meet no smile and no reward?

Yet be patient, little girl,
And perform thy duties still ;
Do whatever thou art bid,
Cheerfully resign thy will.

And remember, lonely one,
There 's a blessed Friend above,
Who will ne'er forsake the child
That humbly leans upon his love.

Go, and tell him all thy griefs ;
Seek his face in earnest prayer,
Beg him to forgive thy sins,
Trust his gracious, guardian care.

He will be thy God and guide
Wheresoever thou mayest roam,
And when thou hast served him here,
Take thee to a heavenly home.

INTEMPERANCE.

CHARLES.

WHERE had you been last night, mamma,
When you came home so sad ?
I wonder what you saw or heard
That made you feel so bad ?

And when I asked you for some wine—
It looked so bright and red,
I almost longed to taste of it—
You sighed and shook your head.

You know I told you, ma, I drank
A glass the other day;
And then how pleased I was, to think
I felt so high and gay.

MAMMA.

I went, my son, to see a youth
By drunkenness undone;
He was his parents' darling child,
A dear and only son.

And when a little boy like you
He used with them to dine,
They sometimes would indulge his taste
With half a glass of wine.

Then he began to like it well;
And sometimes he would try
A little ardent spirit too,
To make him gay and high.



Then he would call at spirit-shops
And take a little tip,
Not thinking that he swallowed death
In every fatal sip.

His anxious parents now began
To see his dangerous state ;
With tears they begged him to forbear,
Before it was too late.

But all was vain, for Robert now
A drunkard had become ;
He left his studies, work, and friends,
And only lived for rum.

He loathed his food, his flesh fell off,
His limbs were weak and small,
His eyes were red, his face was swelled,
And he could hardly crawl.

Last night he fell into a fit,
And awful was the sight ;
His friends, who stood around his bed,
Gazed on him with affright.

His mouth was filled with dirty foam,
His hair and clothes he tore,
With fury struck himself, and rolled
In anguish o'er and o'er.

At length he sprung with violence
And tumbled from the bed ;
His father flew to help him up :
'T was over—he was dead !

His mother gave a piercing shriek,
And fainted at his side:
They brought her to; she saw her son,
Fainted again, and died!

Charles, when you asked me for some wine,
That looked so bright and red,
Are you surprised that I looked sad,
And sighed, and shook my head?

CHARLES.

Dear, dear mamma, I'll run a mile
From every spirit-shop;
The longest day I have to live,
I'll never taste a drop.

BENEVOLENCE.

How lovely the new-risen sun,
As he scatters the gloom of the night,
And spreads over nature's dark face
A beautiful mantle of light.

But lovelier yet is that child
Who chases all discord away
With language as mild as the morn,
With a countenance smiling as day.

How bright are the clustering stars,
As they mingle their glories on high,
To cheer the sad bosom of eve,
And illume the dark vault of the sky.

But brighter a family band,
Where brothers and sisters unite
In every kind act to promote
Affection, improvement, delight.



How pure is the feathery snow
That enwraps the hard earth's frozen breast,
And a thousand deformities hides
With its spotless and delicate vest.

But purer the love of a child
Who for human infirmity feels,
And with charity's wide-flowing robe
The failings of others conceals.

How sweet is the soft falling shower
That waters the heat-parchéd ground,
Till the fields and the meadows revive,
And the flowers bloom gaily around.

But sweeter, far sweeter the tears
On the sorrowing cheek that descend,
Of an humble and penitent child,
Who desires never more to offend.

Thus morning and evening join
The useful instruction to give,
And summer and winter unite
In teaching us kindly to live.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

THOU glorious Being, whose wonderful power
Created the heavens and formed the earth,
To each human being existence has given,
To each little insect has granted its birth;

In all this wide world that thy goodness has
made,

Of the various creatures that live on thy care,
Not one can admire thy perfection but man,
Or address thee in praise, or approach thee
in prayer.

Yet, merciful Father, with shame I confess,
Only man, guilty man, has thy bounty
abused;
Man only has dared disobey thy commands,
Thy kingdom opposed, and thy mercy
refused.

Didst thou banish the rebel so hateful and vile?
Didst thou bid him depart, and behold thee
no more?

Oh no; thy compassion provided a way
The sinner to pardon, the lost to restore.

The Son of thy bosom descended to earth,
From the throne of his glory, his kingdom
above,
And breathed out his soul in the anguish of
death,
That man might become a dear child of
thy love.

OLD CATO.

ANNA.

WHY, here comes old Cato! how smiling he
looks,

Though he 's limping along on his staff;
His clothes are all patched, and so worn and
so poor,

I wonder he ever can laugh.

I've been at his cottage; the snow and the
rain

Beat through it at every flaw.

'Tis neat as a pin, but so empty and dark!

And his bed, why, 't is nothing but straw.

What is it that makes him so cheerful, mamma,
A cripple, and wretchedly poor?

If I were as old and as helpless as he,

I should cry all the time, I am sure.

MAMMA.

I'll tell you, my dear; old Cato has found

A Friend and a Father in heaven:

He loves the dear Saviour, obeys His com-
mands,

And trusts that his sins are forgiven.

When the wind loudly roars, and the snow
and the rain

Are drenching his desolate home,
He thinks of that glorious mansion, where
storms

Are never permitted to come.

And when he sits down to his poor scanty meal,
Which to others so tasteless appears,
He remembers his Saviour was poor for his
sake,

And he waters his crust with his tears.

He is old; but it gladdens his heart to reflect
That his trials will shortly be o'er—
That he soon shall arrive at a world of delight,
To sin and to suffer no more.

And he thinks, when he lies on his bundle of
straw,

With his weary limbs aching for rest,
That he soon shall awake in the arms of his
Lord,

And be to eternity blest.

For his dear fellow-sinners he pours out his soul
In frequent affectionate prayers,
And is often inviting the old and the young
To receive his Redeemer for theirs.

And now do you wonder that Cato should
smile,

And that his old heart should be glad?
Oh, if I could have such a spirit as his,
I never again should be sad.



IDLENESS.

CHARLES.

WHAT makes you so silent and gloomy, poor
Tom,

And what makes your face look so sad?
You never seem cheerful, and sometimes you
weep

When others around you are glad.

How ragged your coat is, and waistcoat and
shirt,

And your feet and your legs are half bare;
Your shoes are all gaping, your hat is all torn;
Have you no better clothing to wear?

THOMAS.

No, Charley, I have not a rag in the world
But those which you see me have on;
Nor money, nor credit to buy any more,
To clothe me when these are all gone.

CHARLES.

Poor Tom, you must have been sadly abused;
Your friends have been cruel, I know,
Or else some misfortune has bowed your poor
head:

Do tell me what brought you so low.

THOMAS.

It was *idleness*, Charles; my friends were all kind,
No misfortune has happened to me;
I once was as healthy and sprightly as you,
And from every calamity free.

My father was poor, but a diligent man,
And to live without debt was his rule;
So he worked in the night to get money enough
To pay for my going to school.

But I hated to study, neglected my book,
And often from school ran away;
When others with knowledge were storing
their minds,
I wasted the season in play.

My father was grieved, and my mother would
weep,
And then I'd resolve to reform;
But my poor resolutions were driven away
Like a feather blown off by the storm.



At length, quite discouraged, they took me
from school,

And concluded to give me a trade;
But I hated my work full as much as my book,
And broke every promise I made.

My master forgave me again and again,
When my work was unfaithfully done;
He pitied my father, and patiently bore
The lazy neglect of his son.

But at last he was wearied, and told me to go,
For he would employ me no more;
It was plain to be seen I should be nothing else
But a vagabond, idle and poor.

My father was shocked when he saw me return,
And a bitter tear fell down his cheek;
But he spoke to me kindly, and anxiously
asked

What employment I next meant to seek.

But one thing was left me, and that was the
sea;

'T was a blow to my poor mother's heart;
Yet she said not a word, but provided my
clothes,

And they kissed me and bade me depart.

But as soon as I entered the vessel, I found
No father or mother was there.

I was whipped to my duty whenever I lagged,
And nobody thought it unfair.

After many long months of a perilous voyage,
I set my feet safe on the shore;
And then I determined that, happen what
would,

I should try the wide ocean no more.

I thought on my conduct with sorrow of heart,
And resolved all my errors to mend,
And beg my affectionate father to be
My counsellor, patron, and friend.

As I sought for my parents, my spirits were
light

With the good resolutions I'd made,
When a neighbor informed they both died
with grief,

And showed where their bodies were laid.

With heart-broken groanings I flew to their
graves,

And fell on the earth in despair,
For all who had loved me, and all I had loved,
I felt, with keen anguish, were there.

I rose from the ground, and I wandered
away,

Inquiring for something to do ;
But though all around me were busy enough,
There was no kind of business I knew.

At length all my seafaring wages were spent,
And I then ran of errands for more ;
But I often was hungry and often was cold,
For my clothing scarce covered me o'er.

I lay in the sheds, and I lay in the streets,
For no one would give me a home,
And at last took to drinking, to drive off my
grief,

And gave myself over to rum.

Oh, then I grew sick, and my strength is so
gone,

I can follow my errands no more ;
I must crawl to the almshouse, and there eat
the bread

That was meant for the worthier poor.

I should wish I might die, if to die I was fit,
And be from my sufferings free ;
But my life is so wicked and useless, I fear
There is nothing in heaven for me.

“ ‘*T was idleness, Charles !*’ I shall never for-
get

Those words, and the look that he cast.
I will not be idle a moment again,
But employ every hour till my last.



LITTLE DROPS OF WATER.

ELIZA.

MAMMA, you tell me every day
I must be doing good ;
And if I was a woman grown,
Why then perhaps I could.

But pray, mamma, what can be done
By one so young as I?
I cannot cure the sick, nor help
The ills of poverty.

Poor Joseph's little boys and girls,
How wretchedly they fare;
But I can't give them bread to eat,
Nor find them clothes to wear.

And if my dearest friends were ill,
I could not cure their pain,
Nor save their precious lives from death,
Nor make them well again.

If thoughtless children lie and steal,
Or speak most wickedly,
You know they will not be reformed
By such a child as me.

So, ma, you need not talk to me
Of doing good again;
I wish I could with all my heart,
But I must wish in vain.

MRS. MIRVAL.

You cannot cure the sick; but you
Can watch beside the bed,
And softly walk across the room
To save an aching head.

And every feeble look and word
You kindly can attend ;
And more than all, can pray to God
To heal your suffering friend.

Poor Joseph's little boys and girls
Of course you cannot feed ;
Nor can you give to every child
The clothing which they need.

But you can save, from time to time,
Your halfpence, if you choose,
To buy some little ragged girl
A decent pair of shoes.

Nor thoughtless children can you force
Their wicked ways to mend ;
But you can beg them not to sin
Against their heavenly Friend.

And if they see *you* hate a lie,
And shun each idle word,
They may perhaps at length believe
'Tis best to serve the Lord.

Goodness, my dear, is like a path
Marked out before the throng ;
And every action is a step
Advancing us along.



And be our actions e'er so small,
If they be only good,
They'll lead us further every day
Along the heavenly road.

The smallest thing we do is viewed
By God's all-seeing eye ;
And whether it be good or ill,
Is registered on high.

And if you serve your God on earth,
How will your heart rejoice,
When you have left this wicked world,
To hear his pleasant voice,

Bidding you welcome to the groves
That bloom above the sky ;
To see your Father's smiling face,
And never, never die.



OUR GUARDIAN FRIEND.

MRS. PEMBERTON.

COME, Sarah, 't is bedtime ; now bid us good-
night,
And go to your chamber, my dear :
You 'll not need a candle, there 's such a fine
moon,
And the night is so charmingly clear.

SARAH.

I dare not, mamma; for I listened last night
To a story of Jenny our maid,
About dreadful creatures who live in the dark,
And I cannot help feeling afraid.

If you were but with me, though ever so dark
In my chamber, I'd fearlessly stay,
Because I believe that you love me so well,
You would keep all bad creatures away.

MRS. PEMBERTON.

And do you not know that all heaven and earth
Are at the command of your God?
Throughout the wide world not a being can
move,
But under his sovereign nod.

He watches his children with tenderest love,
And guards them from danger and harm;
And nothing can hurt them, by day nor by
night,
Enclosed with his merciful arm.

Go, thank him for all the kind things he has
done,
And give yourself up to his care;
And then go to bed, and fall sweetly asleep,
For you will have nothing to fear.



SISTERLY KINDNESS.

MRS. WARREN.

OH, fie! Amelia; I'm ashamed
To hear you quarrel so:
Leave off these naughty airs, my child;
Go play with Frances, go.

AMELIA.

I sha'n't, mamma: the little minx
May play with whom she can;
And while she lives she shall not have
My waxen doll again.

With any other little girl
I should be glad to play,
But I don't love our Frances, ma,
I wish she'd go away.

MRS. WARREN.

Poor little Betsey Smith! she sits
Day after day alone;
She had a little sister once,
But now she's dead and gone.

Betsey was quite a fretful child;
And when she used to play
With pretty little Emeline
She'd quarrel every day.

One time her sister said to her,
"Don't, Betsey, be so cross;
Indeed I am not well to-day,
And fear I shall be worse."

"Not well? O yes, you're very sick!
I don't believe it's true;
You only want to coax mamma
To get nice things for you."

But Emeline grew worse and worse,
Till she could scarcely speak;
And when the doctor came, he said
She would not live a week.

And then it rushed on Betsey's mind
How wicked she had been ;
Her cruel treatment of the child
She never felt till then.

Over her sister's bed she hung
With many a bitter sigh,
And laid her arm around her neck
And begged her not to die.

"Forgive me, Emeline, or else
I do not wish to live ;
Oh speak, dear sister, speak once more,
And say you will forgive."

The poor weak, suffering, dying child
Just raised her languid eye,
And moved her lips, and tried to say,
"Dear Betsey, do not cry."

But then, Oh then I thought indeed
That Betsey's heart would break ;
She sobbed, she groaned, she wrung her hands,
The tears streamed down her cheek.

Her mother took her by the hand
To lead her from the bed ;
She cast her weeping eyes behind,
And Emeline was dead.

And now she goes away up stairs
To sit and cry alone,
And does not want to laugh and play,
Since Emeline is gone.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S SONG TO THE
ROBIN.

SWEETEST songster of the grove,
Little darling robin, come ;
Hasten from the lonely wood,
Make this cherry-tree thy home.

Just between those parting boughs
Build thy warm and downy nest ;
Never was there prettier spot
For a little bird to rest.

When the day begins to dawn,
Go and sit upon the spray ;
And wake me, robin, from my sleep,
With thy merriest morning lay.

When my breakfast is prepared,
I will pay thee for the song ;
Half my bread thou shalt divide
Thy dear family among.

And when round thy quiet nest
Cherries hang, so ripe and sweet,
Robin, thou shalt have them all,
For thy little ones to eat.

No rude boy in wanton sport
Shall thine eggs or nestlings take,
For I'll guard this cherry-tree,
Gentle robin, for thy sake.



MAY FLOWERS.

MAY blessings on thy little head
For ever rest, my lovely child ;
And blessings on the little hands,
That picked these flow'rets from the wild.

When many a mother pleased beheld
A blooming garland at her door,
It seems thou couldst not bear to see
Thy mother left without a flower.

And so thy little fingers culled
This bunch of posies fresh and sweet,
And placed them in the pretty box
Which thou hadst framed so trim and neat.

I thank thee, darling; couldst thou give
A box of diamonds, 't would not prove
The tenderness that fills thy heart,
More than this precious act of love.

And what shall I return, my child,
For so much filial kindness shown?
Ah, a fond mother's fervent wish
Would draw ten thousand blessings down.

May He who gave the feeling heart,
Look down in mercy from above,
And guard thy feet, and guide thy hand,
And fill that feeling heart with love.

And may'st thou, when thy life is past,
Smile to behold thy heaven nigh,
And go and gather living flowers
In the green fields above the sky.



THE ANT-HILL.

TAKE care, little Richard ; do n't hurry so fast ;
Look well to your footsteps, my boy :
If on that low ant-hill you carelessly tread,
You will many hours' labor destroy.

These poor little ants have been working all
day
To build up that minikin pile ;
One grain at a time they have lifted it out,
And been patient as lambs all the while.

They have scooped out a snug little hole in
the earth,

Their winter's provisions to hold ;
And to serve for a chamber when summer is
past,
Secure from the rain and the cold.

How cruel 't would be to kick over a house
Which has cost so much toil to prepare.
Step aside, little Richard, and learn to be wise
From the busy ants' provident care.

If with diligence now you will study your book,
And be careful each moment to save ;
Should you live, my dear child, to the winter
of age,
What a fine stock of knowledge you'll have.

But let this one truth sink deep in your heart,
And keep it for ever in mind ;
That your learning will be to no purpose un-
less
You are humble and modest and kind.

For learning alone will not make you beloved,
If you're cruel or selfish or vain ;
But a sweet lowly temper will win every heart,
And the blessing of heaven obtain.



THE GOLDEN RULE.

ANN.

WHAT a fine day we have, mamma,
For our intended ride and sail;
I've been so anxious for the time,
That much I feared the plan would fail.

To ride beneath those shady trees,
And sail along that beauteous shore—
Oh, we shall have a charming time;
Nothing on earth could please me more.

I have been dressed above an hour,
And waiting for the coach to come ;
I shall not be in so much haste,
I fancy, when returning home.

Why do you look so serious, ma ?
Do I appear too gay and light ?
That sober aspect seems to say,
That all is not exactly right.

MOTHER.

No, child, I love to see you gay,
But Emily was on my mind ;
You know she has for many months
Been closely to her school confined.

She has a taste for rural scenes ;
And such a jaunt as this, I know,
Would so delight her little heart,
That I am grieved she cannot go.

Yet still, I know it must not be,
The coaches will be filled complete :
Our party is so very large
There will not be a vacant seat.

ANN.

Oh yes, for she shall take *my* place,
And I will stay with all my heart ;
How could I e'er enjoyment take,
And that dear girl not have a part ?

This minute I will change my clothes;
And Emily shall quickly know,
That she must leave her school to-day,
And haste to dress herself and go.

MOTHER.

Stop, Ann : I did not mean, my dear,
Your pleasure should be laid aside ;
I only wished there had been room
For Emily to share the ride.

ANN.

Have you not told me, dear mamma,
To practise from that golden rule,
Which, when a very little girl,
My primer taught me at my school :
To do to others just the same
That I would have them do to me ?
I always said I would, and now
My words and actions must agree.
If I had been shut up in school
To work and study half a year,
I should be very glad indeed
To breathe a little wholesome air.
And so she shall ; and I shall take
More pleasure, ma, in staying here,
Thinking how she enjoys herself,
Than if I rode and sailed a year.

MOTHER.

Go, call her then; not all our joys
To-day will give you such delight
As the sweet rapture of the heart
From knowing you have acted right.
That "golden rule" your Bible taught,
That book your God in love has given;
And if you take it for your guide,
'T will lead you joyfully to heaven.



HAPPY SABBATHS.

WHENEVER Sunday morning comes,
Mamma, you seem to be so pleased;
Just as I feel when I have been
Confined at school, and just released.

And through the day, how undisturbed
And calm and cheerful you appear ;
If twenty little fretting things
Take place, you do not seem to care.

I wonder if there is a way
For me to spend the day like you ;
Pray, tell me if you think, mamma,
That I could learn to feel so too.

MAMMA.

I will, my dear. When I arise,
Upon the blessed Sabbath morn,
First I rejoice that I have lived
Again to see its welcome dawn.

And then I think how kind and good
The God of heaven is to man,
To give him one day's rest in seven
Throughout his little busy span :

One day to lay aside his work,
And all his tedious, vexing cares,
And think upon his heavenly home
Beyond the sky and shining stars.

And then again, I think what joy
There was among the angel bands,
When this fair world in beauty rose
Beneath its Maker's forming hands.

Oh, what a Sabbath then was kept,
When morning stars together sung,
And with the shouts of cherub hosts,
The vault of heaven melodious rung.

But more than all, my thankful heart
With love and gratitude o'erflows,
When I reflect, that from the dead
This day our blessed Saviour rose.

And Oh, how pleasant 't is to think,
That on this day the gospel sound,
Where'er the blessed Bible's known,
Is heard in all the nations round.

This day ten thousand fervent prayers,
Ten thousand songs of grateful praise,
At once arise from humble hearts,
And meet at God's high throne of grace.

With cheerful heart and willing feet
I seek the place of his abode ;
And lay aside all earthly cares,
To join the worshippers of God.

And now, my dear, are you surprised
That I so joyful should appear ;
And if some fretting things arise,
Should still so undisturbed appear ?

MARY.

Oh no, mamma, and I will try
To think upon these blessings too;
And then, another Sabbath morn,
Perhaps I may rejoice with you.



A WALK AT NOON.

MOTHER.

CHARLOTTE, see, the mid-day sun
Sheds around a golden light,
And every leaf that meets his ray
Glitters gaily to the sight.

Let us find some shady seat,
To screen us from his scorching beam;
Yonder is a pleasant wood,
Close beside a cooling stream.

Let us sit upon the bank,
And see the river glide along
Underneath that spreading tree,
And listen to the sparrow's song.

On the water's dimpled cheek
See the busy insects play,
Happy in the little life
Lent them for a summer's day.

Note the lowing thirsty kine
Hasten to the river's brink;
Joyfully they view the stream,
And bend their gentle necks to drink.

Charlotte, see that silver fish
Darting up, in merry mood;
Something on the surface swims,
See him catch it—'t is his food.

Hark! I hear a dashing sound,
Just below that jutting rock;
Oh, 't is yonder shepherd boy,
Standing there to wash his flock.

See them dripping from the stream,
With their fleeces snowy white;
Soon these fleeces will be sheared,
And they'll sport with new delight.

Round their bodies, soft and warm,
Another woolly coat will grow,
To guard them from the piercing cold
When the winds of winter blow.

How kind is God, who made them all,
And blesses every thing that lives;
That God who light and joy and food
To every little being gives.

Lofty angels he preserves,
In their beautiful abode;
And the smallest thing on earth
Is within the care of God.

He who formed the seeing eye,
He who made the hearing ear,
Gave each beauty you behold,
Each delightful sound you hear.

If he did not hold your life,
You could neither think nor move;
Every blessing you enjoy
Is a gift of tender love.

Charlotte, what can you return
To a friend so good and kind?
Give him all your little heart;
Serve him with a willing mind.

Study well his gracious word,
And obey his wise commands;
Pray him to direct your feet,
Beg him to employ your hands.

He who sees your inmost thoughts,
Precious blessings will impart
To the very weakest prayer
That rises from an humble heart.

And if thus your life you spend,
Charlotte, when your body dies,
You will go and live with God,
And happy children in the skies.



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